Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Langfier*

The Hon. Ethel Gerard,

Who Will Shortly Marry Baron de Forest

No. 8.—Vol. I.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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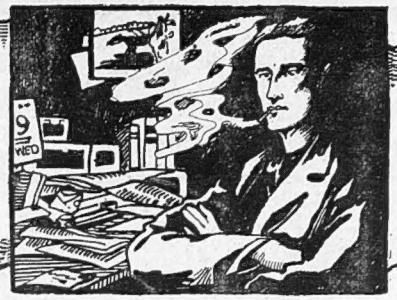
POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.



Wednesday, January 27, 1904

A few years ago the English Press was recognised all over the world as responsible and dependable. Claptrap, sensationalism, and that most heinous of all journalistic sins—the burking of unpleasant facts—were almost unknown in England. Then came the advent of the morning halfpenny press which, obtaining a big circulation, rapidly acquired power.

With the nativity of this new factor in the world of journalism commenced the era of retrogression which has since culminated in a vile gutter-rag class of journalism, a scurrilous and utterly unscrupulous cheap yellow journalism, a journalism in short, which makes every Englishman who has the honour of his country truly to heart often feel his cheeks tingle for very shame.

In past years, so responsible was English journalism deemed on the Continent and America that no question ever arose, no doubt ever assailed minds on the Continent. As for comments, they might be mistaken, but they were rarely anything but honest. But alas! No longer can we hold up our heads and say, "John Bull may be pig-headed sometimes, gentlemen, but he plays the game," for this canker, this new journalism, has sprung up mushroom-like in a decade, and our old traditions are—but traditions!

In other words the result of a few years of domination by this "yellow" press has led, as it naturally must lead, to a discount of England's reputation abroad. We have before us, as we write, the *New York Herald* (Paris edition), which draws attention to the want of prestige in the Press of Great Britain. It says:

> Signs are not lacking to indicate that Continental journals are beginning to realise what a small amount of credit is merited by the bulk of the "Far Eastern news" received through British channels. Their scepticism cannot but increase as time goes on unless the campaign of misrepresentation is brought to an end. Even in that case it will be long before the English Press recovers the ground it has lost abroad during the past few weeks, and for some time to come British-made news will be regarded with legitimate suspicion in quarters where it was formerly accepted without hestitation.

What a change from the old days! "Campaign of Misrepresentation" is, indeed, a bitter pill to a nation which for generations has been proud of the spotless purity of its Press. The *New York Herald* continues:

> Already many of the French newspapers, for example, betray their lack of confidence by printing despatches prefaced with the significant warning, "Source Anglaise," a warning intended to put readers on their guard.

In another column of the same paper its Seoul correspondent, in a despatch, does not hesitate to name one of the offending journals:

> The *Daily Mail* correspondent here, who has sent these sensational despatches, was discredited at Tokio because of grossly insulting the American Minister, Mr. Griscom. He came here under a different name and is already denied admittance to several places.

Finally, a lesson is preached to us:

> Sensitive Englishmen may not find the foregoing opinions very pleasant reading. But it must be more humiliating for them to be forced to admit that they are justified. A wave of blood-madness seems to have engulfed all the dignity, impartiality, and love of accuracy for which the British Press once was respected.

Is this true? Ask the question of any Englishman who has travelled. No one will seriously deny it, for it is not a matter of opinion, but of undeniable fact. Whether the fault be with the public, who like a highly flavoured assortment of news items to be placed on the breakfast table every morning, or whether enterprise and competition has forced this class of journalism to imagine and distort facts, is neither here nor there. The point is, that the prestige of British journalism has been, and is, seriously threatened by it.

Now, we would ask, "Can no remedy be suggested for the evils which this modern, 'up-to-date' journalism has given rise to?" If a professional man acts in an unprofessional manner he is arraigned before a tribunal of his peers, and judged by them. But there is no similar body to maintain a respectable press. True, there is the law of libel, but every able journalist is perfectly well aware how easy it is to evade the danger of being mulcted for damages

Pray do not for one moment imagine that we advocate bridling the Press. On the contrary, we wish to see it respected and impartial to friend and foe alike, and to attain this it is necessary the utmost freedom should be obtainable. But what we do consider a formidable and growing danger to the community is the one-sided manner in which facts are set forth in those journals calling themselves *news*papers. Every truth that is not likely to be palatable to the political creed of the class of readers which they seek to guide is distorted and even often suppressed. The slightest event which furthers their political propaganda is magnified to an extent which renders it unrecognisable to those who know the truth. In other words, political dishonesty has been brought to a fine art, and it is high time to expose the immoral means which are adopted to deceive the nation by papers which possess no credentials for leadership beyond a large circulation. Not till then will England again be in the van of the world's nations.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Ref. Jan 10/04

Lady Angela Forbes

Lady Angela Forbes, who was one of the prettiest and most charming women included in Lady Warwick's great wedding house party last week, is almost as young-looking as is her pretty niece-bride, for she is the youngest of Blanche, Lady Rosslyn's, group of daughters, and was herself a *débutante* not so very long ago. Like her elder sisters, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Warwick, Lady Angela is a woman of ideas and of manifold interests. She has many hobbies, and it was rumoured, at one time, that she was the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"; then it was said that she had at any rate sat for the portrait of Mrs. Clayton Glyn's fascinating heroine. A keen sportswoman, she and her husband spend a portion of each year in one of the more famous of our hunting counties; but in the season they are generally the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House, where their little daughter, Marigold, is also always made warmly welcome.

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Lady Angela Forbes

A February Wedding

The first political wedding of the winter season will be that of Miss Sydney Bowles, the pretty daughter of "The Skipper," as some of his friends have nicknamed the popular M.P., and Mr. David Mitford, Lord Redesdale's second

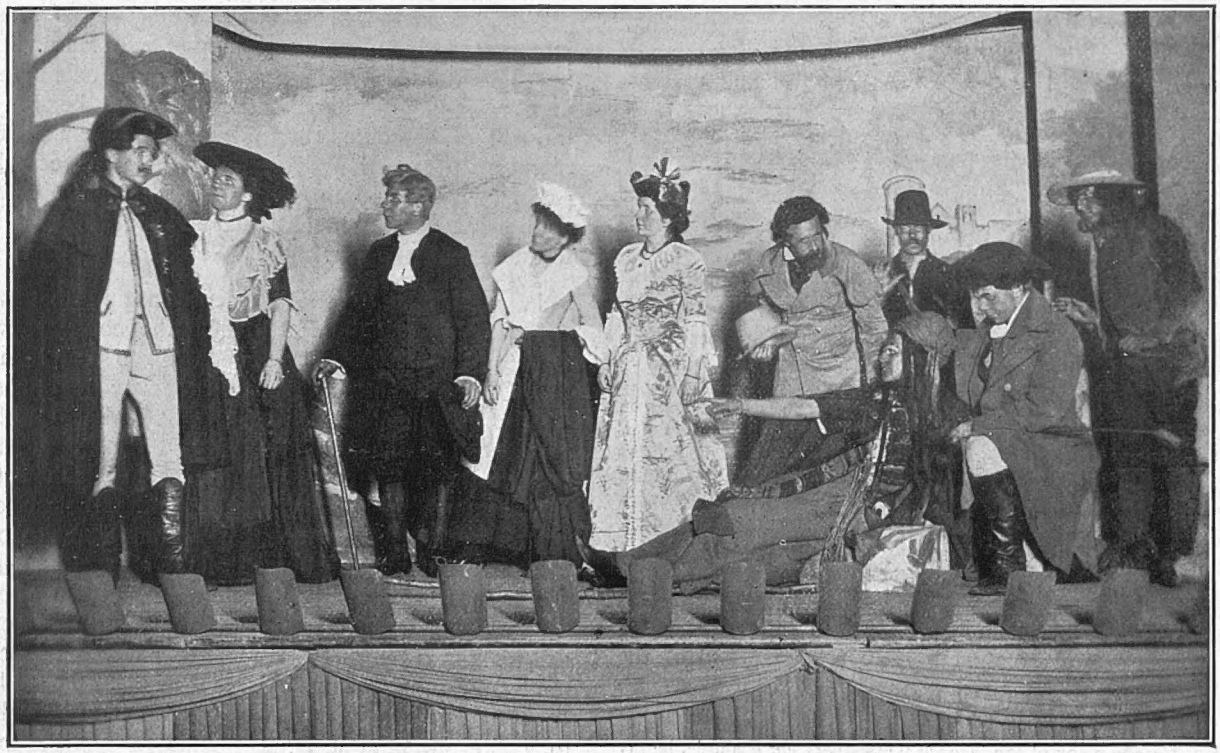
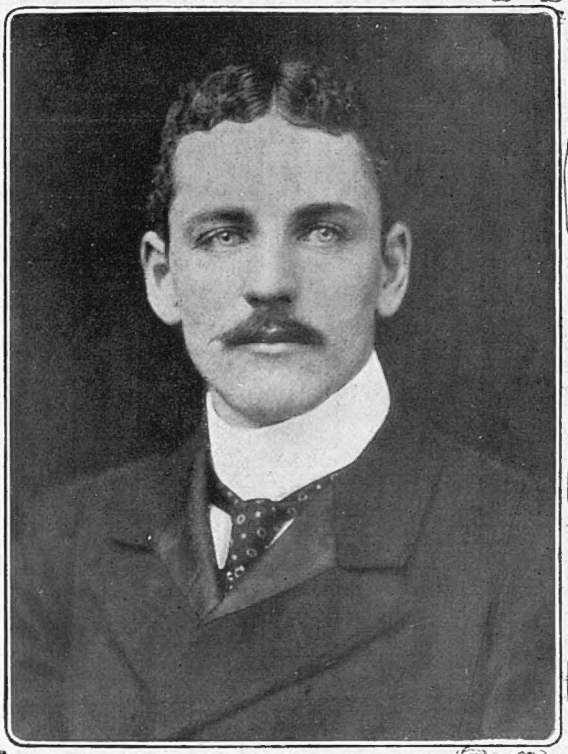


Photo by *Morgan*

An Amateur Performance of "Guy Mannering"

Which recently took place at Haddo House, Lord Aberdeen's Scotch Seat. The group includes the Earl of Aberdeen, Lady Marjorie Gordon (Meg Merrilees), the Hon. Grace Ridley, the Hon. Stelle Ridley, Miss Stewart Sandeman, the Hon. Jasper Ridley, the Hon. Dudley Gordon, the Hon. Archie Gordon and others



Photos by] **Miss Sydney Bowles, Daughter of Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., and the Hon. David Mitford, Lord Redesdale's Second Son, who are to be Married Next Month** *[Beresford*

son. All readers of Mr. Gibson Bowles's delightful "Log," in *Vanity Fair*, written each week during the time when he was still owner and editor of our contemporary, know something of his children, for he was very fond of bringing their childish personalities into his nautical diary. The wedding is sure to bring about an immense concourse of distinguished political personages, for the bride has often had to do the honours of her father's house, both to his political friends and foes. Lord Redesdale is still better remembered under his old name of Mr. Freeman-Mitford; he is an uncle, by marriage, of little Lord Airlie, and is connected with many well-known people, notably in the political world.

Mr. S. E. Taft, the United States Ambassador to Japan

A New Century Hostess

Miss Ethel Gerard, the most popular girl in the group of Roman Catholic *débutantes* belonging to what Lord Beaconsfield used to call "high society" will probably be, after marriage has transformed her into Baroness de Forest, a very notable addition to new century hostesses. She is pretty, clever, and *piquante*, the only sister of a bachelor peer, and the only daughter of a charming and still youthful-looking mother, whose love of sport and music she has always shared. Baron de Forest is one of the two brothers who had the good fortune to be adopted by that eccentric

Photo by *Schaarwächter*

The Crown Prince of Germany

Who was recently put under arrest for witnessing the Anti-Military play, *Zapfenstreich*

millionaire, the late Baron Hirsch, and he is accordingly a man of exceptional wealth, with cosmopolitan interests and tastes. The title is an Austrian one, and perhaps the young couple will revive the glories of the late Baron Hirsch's great sporting parties in Hungary. The marriage is to be celebrated at Garswood, Lord Gerard's Lancashire seat.

A Son of His Father

It is improbable, to say the least of it, that a high-spirited son would for long be curbed by a domineering, if distinguished, father. And when the father is William Hohenzollern and the son is the Crown Prince, we need not betray the slightest surprise that the latter is now under arrest. The Crown Prince is a chip of the old block, and impatience of control is one of the most remarkable—perhaps the most remarkable—characteristics of the reigning family in Germany. The Crown Prince is reported to have told his Imperial father that, unless he were allowed to have his private opinions, he would escape to England. This is the high spirit which every Englishman loves to hear about, but, with due respect to the young Crown Prince—who, by the bye, is an ardent admirer of our nation, and numbers many Englishmen among his personal friends—we trust he will kowtow to the Kaiser and keep where he is. We dread to think of the consequences of a German Crown Prince dumping himself on our shores. Lord! how alert Mr. Chamberlain needs to be with these snares besetting his path.

A Plucky Russian Princess

Princess Demidoff, who was before her marriage a Countess Daschkoff, is, like her husband, very fond of England and English ways, and since her marriage to the popular diplomatist, she has become noted even among British sportswomen for her brilliant horsemanship and love of outdoor sport of every kind. Prince Demidoff was educated partly at Eton, but he is, of course, devoted to his own country, and he spends a portion of each year making sporting expeditions in the great Empire where, it has been said, almost every kind of big-game shooting can be enjoyed. The Princess invariably accompanies her husband on these occasions, her own favourite form of sport being chamois stalking. Some time ago they journeyed across Asia to Japan and on to Kamtschatka, probably the most adventurous expedition ever undertaken by a husband and wife.

Photo by *Langfier*

Princess Demidoff

An American Marchioness

For a long time the Marchionesses were curiously little represented among American peeresses, and for a while Lady Dufferin was at one time the only Trans-Atlantic lady with a right to this fine old title. As Miss Flora Davis she was one of the prettiest members of the American Colony in Paris, where she was living with her father and stepmother at the time the late Lord Dufferin was Ambassador. It was there that Lord Terence Blackwood met, wooed, and won his wife, his elder brother, Lord Ava, being heir to the family honours and diginities. The premature death of that gallant young Irishman greatly altered Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood's position, and for a while they bore the title of Lord and Lady Clandeboye. The young Marchioness has very cosomopolitan tastes, and she has made her London house far more French than English in appearance and in arrangement. Lord and Lady Dufferin have three little daughters, who rejoice in the pretty quaint names of Dorris, Patricia, and Ursula. Part of the year they spend in Ireland with the Dowager Lady Dufferin.

Photo by *Ballingham*

The Marchioness of Dufferin

Photo by *Hughes and Mullins*

Lieut. C. H. Bowden Smith, who was Killed During the Recent Operations in Somaliland

Major, now Colonel, Gough

The announcement that the King has decided to confer the V.C. and a Lieut.-Colonelcy on Major "Johnny" Gough, of the Rifle Brigade, will give great satisfaction to the many friends of the Gough family, whose military record was already brilliant.

It is well known that, on the total annihilation of Colonel Plunkett's force, at Gumburru, in April last, the column sent out from Bohotle to effect a junction with Colonel Cobbe must have shared the same fate but for the coolness and presence of mind shown by the commanding officer, Major Gough, in conducting the retreat on his base under circumstances of great difficulty and danger.

The act of personal bravery now brought to the notice of the authorities was less well known. It will be a matter of additional congratulation to Major Gough's friends that this should prove to be owing to his omission to mention the part he himself took in the rescue of Captain Bruce, when calling attention to the valour of the officers under his command.

For so young a man, Major Gough has seen a great deal of active service, having served with distinction in the Egyptian campaign of 1898, as well as in the South African campaign. The home of the Gough family is in Tipperary, Lough Cutra Castle, County Galway, the residence of the present Lord Gough, was purchased by his grand-father, the Field Marshal, in the Encumbered Estates Courts, and is one of the most beautiful places in Ireland.

A Pioneer Lady Motorist

One of the first women to take up motoring in this country was Baroness Campbell, whose car, and whose skill in driving it, are well known in Windsor, where she lives for the greater part of each year. She first owned a Locomobile, in which many tours were made. She then succumbed to the

charms of a Serpollet steam car; and now she owns two 6 h.p. Gardner-Serpollets, in one of which she is represented in her photograph. So, following the natural course of evolution, does the natural taste for motoring increase with opportunity. Baroness Campbell has another claim to be included amongst sportswomen; she is keenly interested in Italian greyhounds, breeds and exhibits them; and has done much to restore to popularity these dogs, which the swing of fashion's pendulum had ousted from their pride of place in the eighteenth century. Her kennels have also a certain historic interest, for she started her Italian greyhounds with some of the old strains belonging to the late Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (to whom Baron Campbell was equerry), whose dogs claimed relationship with those of the Empress Frederick, and, as tradition loves to tell, also with those of Frederick the Great, by lineal descent, which is interesting, if true, and just as pretty if not. Baroness Campbell is the vice-president of the Italian Greyhound Club (of which Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Aosta is patron), is an artist of really remarkable *technique*, is a keen hockey and croquet player, and is often seen in the coach of her brother, Mr. Budgett, the well known member of the Coaching Club. Her husband is Baron Campbell von Laurentz, a Freiherr of Saxe-Coburg, who served in the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars, and is the younger brother of the first Baron Craignish.

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

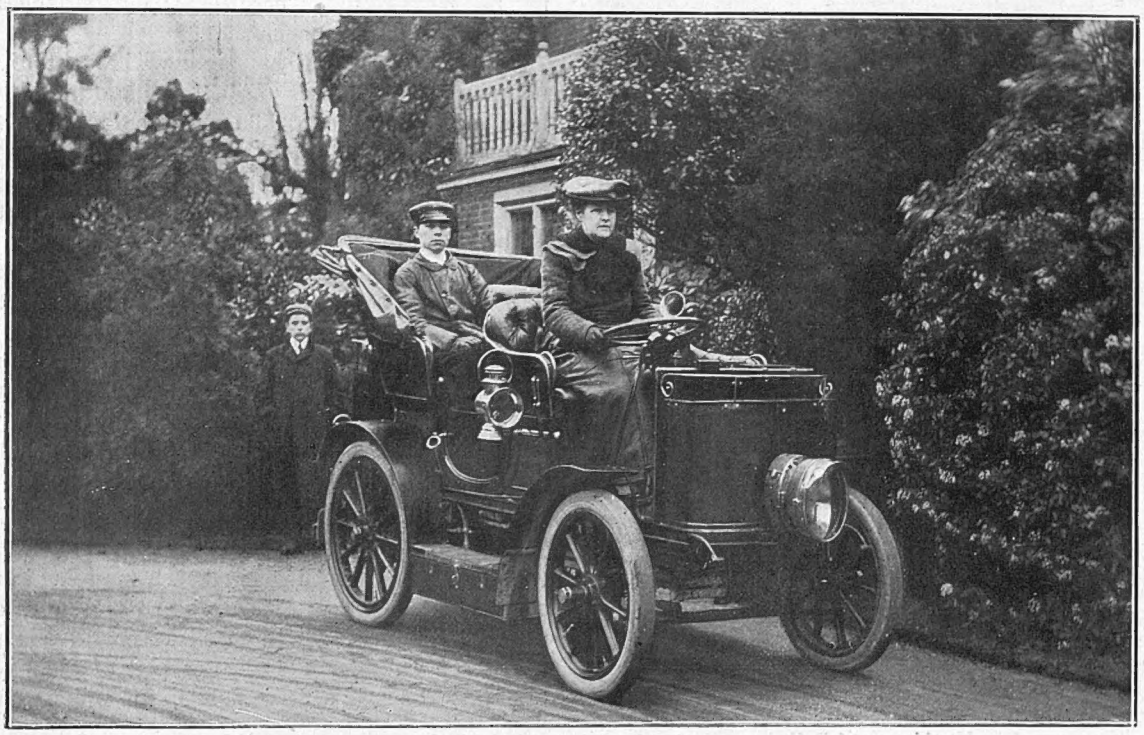
Miss Muriel Barnby, Daughter of the late Sir Joseph Barnby

Miss Barnby

Miss Muriel Barnby is the daughter of the late Sir Joseph Barnby, the composer, who was the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music and Conductor of the Albert Hall Choral Society. Miss Barnby is very bright and attractive, and a great favourite in Society, where her musical accomplishments are much appreciated.

A Future Commander-in-Chief?

Prince Arthur of Connaught has just celebrated his coming of age in a more modest fashion than is usual with Princes of the Blood. He may live to see himself occupy one or two very important positions.



The Baroness Campbell von Laurentz in her 6-h.p. Gardner-Serpollet Car

He is heir to his first cousin, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and, on the other hand, he is, of course, a British officer, keenly interested in his profession, and, should fate prove kind to him, he may come to the supreme position of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. As is well known, the Duke of Connaught and his only son both refused to accept the German Duchy, to which they had the legal right of succession on the death of Queen Victoria's second son; they preferred to remain Englishmen. Prince Arthur has only just returned from South Africa, where he was, for a while, extremely ill. The climate of our newest colonies does not seem a healthy one for Royal soldiers, and it may be doubted whether the Prince will return there, the more so that, as the King's only British nephew, he is a personage of considerable importance in our Royal family. His Royal Highness is a pleasant-looking, good-natured young man, popular with his fellow-officers, and regarded as a very promising soldier. He inherits fighting blood from both his parents. Like his father, he owes his British name to the great Duke of Wellington.

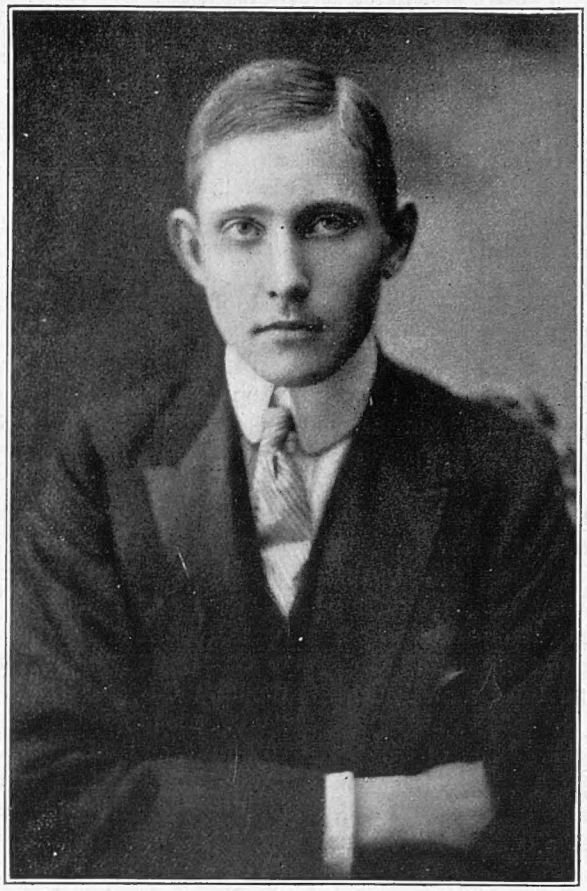


Photo by **Prince Arthur of Connaught** *Mendelssohn*

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam

The Address on the King's Speech in the House of Lords will be moved by the Earl Fitzwilliam, who in 1898 performed a somewhat similar function in seconding the Address on the Queen's Speech. The announcement that the Earl is in negotiation for the sale of his estate in County Wicklow, recalls the long connection of the Fitzwilliams with Ireland and Irish affairs. Sir William Fitzwilliam, the Earl's ancestor, having received a grant of land in that county from Edward VI. Lady Fitzwilliam is a splendid rider to hounds, and an excellent actress; for many years she has taken an active part in the theatricals given every year at Aske Hall, her father's, Lord Zetland's, home.

Ret. 1-2-05

Photo by **Countess Fitzwilliam** *Lafayette*

Photo by **Earl Fitzwilliam** *Elliott and Fry*

"From a Club Window"

Convention and Dramatic Art

I heard the very brilliant and charming lady who writes as "John Oliver Hobbes," read her paper at the O. P. Club on "The Comic Note" last Sunday evening; and I was struck by the curious, conventional way in which everyone spoke of the art of the drama. Mrs. Craigie herself appealed for naturalness on the stage; but this is a vague word. The more I go to the theatre, the more I go to the picture galleries, the more I see of all the arts, the more firmly am I convinced that all art is a matter of emotion. The how and the when, the methods and the schools and the styles, are the veriest details. A play (or the drama) to be a good play, must transfer emotion across the footlights to the audience; and if the actors or the author cannot transmit the plot in terms of emotion from scene to scene, the play will be a poor play. It all seems to me to come down to that one essential quality. It is for this reason that the Bavarian Government cannot be congratulated on having seized the whole rollicking issue of *Simplicissimus*, for the satire on the greed of the clergy can scarcely be called a "blasphemy" until it is uttered, and the man who even mutters a curse is more than half way to grace.

The Nation's Diet

Dr. Hutchinson's battle-cry of "England, Feed Up!" at the London Institute, was his contribution to the problem of national efficiency; and he attacked the use of tea, coffee, and meat extracts, in that they supply no energy to the body. Yet, to judge by the hoardings, the nation must live on these meat extracts—I admit, a clammy, gruesome dish. He attacked vegetables, which seems to be a curious comment on the fact that half the athletes are vegetarians; but, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says, the secret of vegetarianism is not to eat vegetables; perhaps the Doctor is not fond of the tribe. He gives the essentials of food as five nutritive constituents: proteids (such as white of egg), carbo-hydrates (such as sugar), fats, minerals (such as salt), and water. And as proteids, minerals, and water were necessary to restore waste in the body, so the proteids, carbo-hydrates (sugar, etc.) and fats were the builders of energy. Butter, I gathered, was a mighty source of energy, and bread the master-key. Indeed, porridge and milk, and bread and butter and sugar, the bases of the orgies of our childhood, seem to have been the right thing all through. Yet, surely it was but the other day that the love of jam amongst the working classes was held up as the chief source of decay in the nation and the cause of the bungling in the Boer war!

The Mauler of Good Stories

Surely the audacity of the mauler of good stories reaches the prize-point when he takes his ponderous strut on the front page of a brilliant evening paper! Or is it that one polishes a story in clubs and places where they tell stories? Here is the duel incident of that genial Irishman, poor Dr. Tanner, wholly robbed of its tail. Says our paragraphist, "Dr. Tanner created much amusement in the House when he announced that he had received a challenge from a military officer in the [illegible]t Country, and that he had accepted it on condit[illegible] that the duel should take place at midnight on the Bosphorous, the weapons employed to be torpedoes." Well, it may be that this was the real thing as it chanced in the House of Commons. But this small beer became a rich draught as it passed to the clubs, for it took a form something like this: Doctor Tanner asked the protection of the Speaker. He had been challenged to a duel by a fiery military person, one Colonel Jones, from Devonshire, and, as an Irishman, he had accepted the challenge. He had replied by telegram, [illegible] had pointed out that, as the challenged, he had [illegible] right to choose time, place, and weapons—he [illegible]e the twelfth, the Bosphorus, and torpedoes, and [illegible]dded, "bring two other asses with you." The t[illegible] came, and went, and on the thirteenth Dr. Tanner came blithely and with smiling face into the House; but, on being twitted for his backwardness in keeping his appoin[illegible]ment on the Bosphorus, he grew serious. "Yes," said he, "I don't know why the other fellow wouldn't fight, but I apologised. I telegraphed to him to-day: Sorry ye didn't like the torpedoes."

An Alert Sentinel

There is published, in a hidden-away spot upon this island—Peterhead, to be accurate—a newspaper which goes by the name of the *Peterhead Sentinel*. I am afraid that this sentinel is somewhat a sleepy guard. Listen to its tardy challenge, which weeks ago was proffered by two London contemporaries, and was taken up by THE BYSTANDER in such wise that our critics relapsed into discreet silence:—

> "WIDOWED."—In a Strand window at the present moment there is being shown one of the funniest sporting pictures ever painted. Perambulating sportsmen catch sight of it, start, dig one another in the ribs, and stand up to laugh. It represents two partridges on the wing. One has been struck dead by a gunshot, while the other skims on unhurt. It is called "Widowed." The beauty of the picture lies in the fact that both are cock birds. A reproduction of the picture appeared in THE BYSTANDER, which reckons to be a sporting paper.

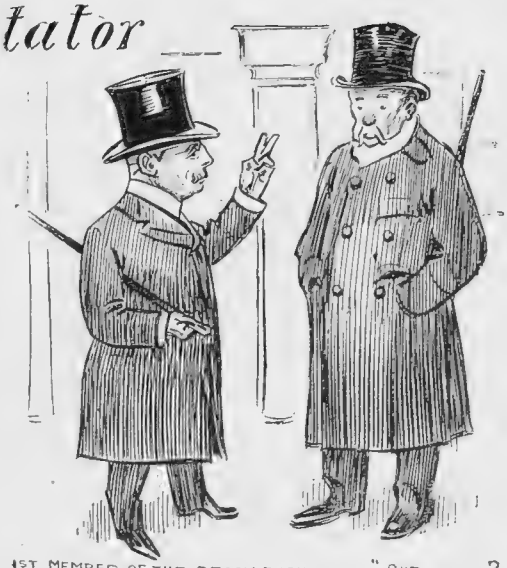
Possibly these curious tactics are common at Peterhead, but we wonder why "perambulating sportsmen," who one would suppose are on their legs at the time, should "stand up to laugh." Are we to take it that previous to this the "perambulating sportsmen" were in the gutter? But observe, O Reader, the sarcasm of the last lines! "Widowed" is still in the Strand Window, and all the world knows what the *Peterhead Sentinel* is now about to learn—viz., that the only perceptible difference between the cock and hen partridge lies in the markings of the feathers on the back, and the backs of the birds are not shown in our picture.

CLUBBITE

Th[e] Topictator

WILD L[IGH]T OF THE RADICAL PRESS OVER THE RESULT OF THE NORWICH BYE-ELECTION.

THE DEF[EATED] CANDIDATE. "I'M FEELING PRETTY WILD MYSELF."

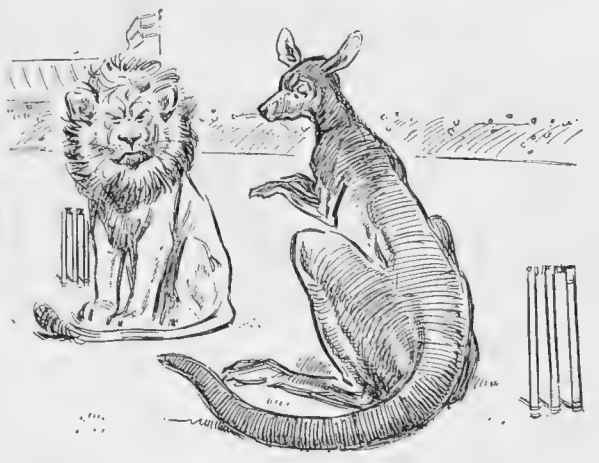


1ST MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE "BUSINESS? THERE ISN'T ANY. HAVEN'T SEEN A BROKER IN MY OFFICE FOR A MONTH."
2ND DITTO "COME TO MY HOUSE, MY BOY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU TWO — IN THE KITCHEN"

THE IMPATIENCE OF YOUTH
"WHICH IS IT TO BE? HURRY UP!"

"WAKE THE GENTLEMAN UP — HE'S USURPING MY PREROGATIVE"

(THE DEFENDANT TOOK A LITTLE NAP DURING THE HEARING OF THE WHITAKER WRIGHT CASE)



THE KANGAROO (ADDRESSING HIS TAIL)
"YOU'RE NOT MUCH GOOD ANYHOW"

FC

"At the Sign of the Times"

The Travelling Englishman

"This undercloth is dirty; make it to wash instantly!" I transcribe these words in a high room overlooking the windy canals of Amsterdam: that city built on a sea which is no sea; that city "whose inhabitants," said the learned Erasmus, "dwell on the tops of trees, like rooks." He meant by the jest to indicate the chief architectural feature of Amsterdam, which is that its houses have for foundation wooden piles, to keep them from sinking into the shallow sea. But, to get back to my quotation: it has set me wondering how much the conversational handbooks, which cunning foreigners devise for our use and edification, had to do with the creation of that much-abused person, the travelling Englishman.

Handicapped by Conversational Manuals

For, consider the plight of the Englishman armed with the manual from which this example of polite conversation has been derived. He has every wish to be courteous, and to consult the feelings and sentiments of the people among whom he is travelling. Nothing could be farther from his desires than brusqueness and incivility. At the same time he is ambitious, after some weeks' travelling maybe, to have a few collars entrusted to the washerwoman. If he is in a polyglot hotel, well and good. A few choice English words and a limpid smile will convey his wishes as well as anything. If, on the other hand, he has, with the laudable intention of seeing the customs and manners of the country in which he is travelling, and of ridding himself of as much insularity as possible, betaken himself to a true native hotel—(and all over Europe—outside the great cities—hotels are naturally run for the natives)—smiles and gestures will probably fail him. And, pining for his collars to see the inside of a laundry, he will be driven—willy-nilly—to say, "This undercloth is dirty; make it to wash instantly."

Is in Spite of His Mild Manners

Is it fair of the foreigner who has reduced the Englishman to these extremities to turn round upon him and call him a boor? In his own country, the Englishman would sooner die than permit himself to speak after such a fashion. Abroad he is helpless. I knew a most chivalrous and abstemious man once, who, in Asturias, committed himself to the following order for dinner:—"Bring me roast beef, leg of mutton, breast of veal, ham, fish, potatoes, vegetables, bread, butter, fruit, cheese, wine, beer, coffee, tea, gin, bitters, knife, fork, spoon, glass, plate, bottle"—under the impression that his conversation-book conveyed, in the above assortment, the usual accessories of a Spanish meal. The fact is, of course, that it was the foreigner's summary of what Englishmen are supposed to exist on, though no power on earth could procure it for any soul alive in the heart of Spain, and few would be alive after they had partaken of it.

Marked Out

The simplest explanation, as it seems to me, of the reputation which travelling Englishmen have acquired is this, that Englishmen do travel a great deal, and that they remain always unmistakably English. I mean that an Englishman is recognised, as such, in a country where a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian may pass incognito. That is not our fault so much as our fortune—whether good or bad I cannot undertake to say. We are not kin to the great family of Europe by any of those habits which the daily round breeds almost everywhere in the Continental towns, and the great family knows it—how, I cannot exactly say.

By the Observant Continental

For one thing, I think that Europe, regarded as a family, is far more curious and observant of the outsides of men than we in England are. A well-known foreign violinist, who made a tour of the English provinces, and kept a diary of his impressions, came to the conclusion that what struck him most was the small attention he created in our streets. He took his walks, and no one looked at him. "In my country, if an Englishman is seen," he said, "everyone looks at him." I think he was rather hurt by English indifference. Musicians do not care to be ignored—even if they play the barrel-organ. The common or garden Englishman, on the contrary, hates to be noticed. He is essentially modest, in spite of the universally opposite opinion on the Continent. If he swaggers, it is because he is uneasy. He is conscious of people staring at him, and he blusters only because he cannot sink into the ground.

And will Continue to be Marked Out

Nothing, of course, excuses our inability to speak foreign tongues. If we could speak them we could explain how nice we really are, and how happy we can be without raw roast beef. We could dispense with those manuals of which I have spoken. There would remain only one obstacle to our complete popularity in all countries under the sun, and that is that, upon the Empire we have the honour to represent, the sun never sets. In other words, though we should be meek as a Laplander, and polyglot as a Greek, the Englishman would have still to be reminded of his country's foreign policy, wherever he went. Wherever he stops he is Atlas—with the world upon his shoulders.

So Long as meek Englishman

If he is in France, why, then, it happens that Colonel Marchand is about to be married. The brought about Fashoda. If

he is in Germany, he must bear in mind that the Germans had not yet forgiven him for all the troubles he caused those ever-precious and well-beloved allies of Germany—the Boers. If he is in Russia, he cannot deny that an English Commission is freezing somewhere on the road to Lhassa. Before this meek Englishman's Maxim guns the meeker Somalis are falling like leaves; by his tyranny the Egyptians are oppressed; the Canadians tortured; the map of the world made red. In some invisible eye this meek fellow wears an eye-glass, like his compatriot, Sir Chamberlain; in some invisible coat he wears an orchid; in some invisible part of his frame he contemplates annexations and meditates upon slaughter.

The British Empire Remains

That is why he cannot escape notice—this travelling Englishman. That is why he should be ashamed of himself, if he can, when he sets foot upon free and smiling soil. Unfortunately, though he can be very easily ashamed of himself, yet (though at home he may be a Passive Resister and even fond of calling Mr. Chamberlain names) this Englishman, as it happens, cannot, however hard he tries, rise to the level of being ashamed of his country. So that he will have to continue—for some years, at any rate—to be marked out as the travelling Englishman.

MINIMUS.

The presentation supplement, which is a feature of THE BYSTANDER, takes the form, this week, of another coloured drawing (the fourth of a series of ten) by the late Phil May. The victim, if so he may be called, of the artist's kindly caricature is Sir Albert Kaye Rollit, M.P. The Member for South Islington is a man of many interests. Considerable space would be required for an enumeration of his many connections, municipal and otherwise. Among his various titles and degrees may be mentioned that of officer of the Legion of Honour and of the French Academy.

OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION.—There is nothing like a competition to show the weak points in one's armour, and it is satisfactory to find that a large body of our readers have entered, or contemplate entering, for our Bridge Competition. There have been, it is true, a goodly number of Bridge competitions in the various newspapers catering for public favour. But though THE BYSTANDER is not original in this respect, it at least is different in one way. In other competitions persons have entered more as a gamble for huge prizes than from a hope of winning on their merits. THE BYSTANDER'S Bridge pages are in the hands of a well-known expert, and though the prizes offered are comparatively small, the benefit of having competed will probably appeal to every Bridge player. Thus the sound, scientific player should win, and not the mere trickster.

A Primeval Bodyguard

The Emperor of Korea's bowmen

FROM ABROAD.

Rain, Snow, and Earthquakes!

Phenomenal weather has been experienced in Switzerland this week—rain, heavy snow, and a glacial wind have combined to make matters generally unpleasant. At Davos, and in many places in the Canton of Grisons, slight shocks of earthquake have been felt. Two yards of snow lie on the St. Bernard and Splügen Passes.

Anglo-Saxons at Davos

The winter season is at its height, and it is impossible to get accommodation in the hotels at the favoured resorts. At Davos there are over 3,000 visitors, half of whom are Anglo-Saxons. This has been a gala week at this charming Alpine resort, and some important sporting fixtures have come off. The international toboggan races were a great success; the chief event, the Symonds Shield, was won by Mr. E. Gwynne Evans, the second being a Swiss. Mr. Evans's victory was a very popular one, and he was carried around shoulder high. The principal event for ladies, the Ladies' Bowl, was captured by Mrs. Furse, *née* Symonds, while Mrs. Higgin won the Freeman's Trophy.

Mr. E. Gwynne Evans
Winner of the Symonds Shield for tobogganing at Davos

The historical Market Place

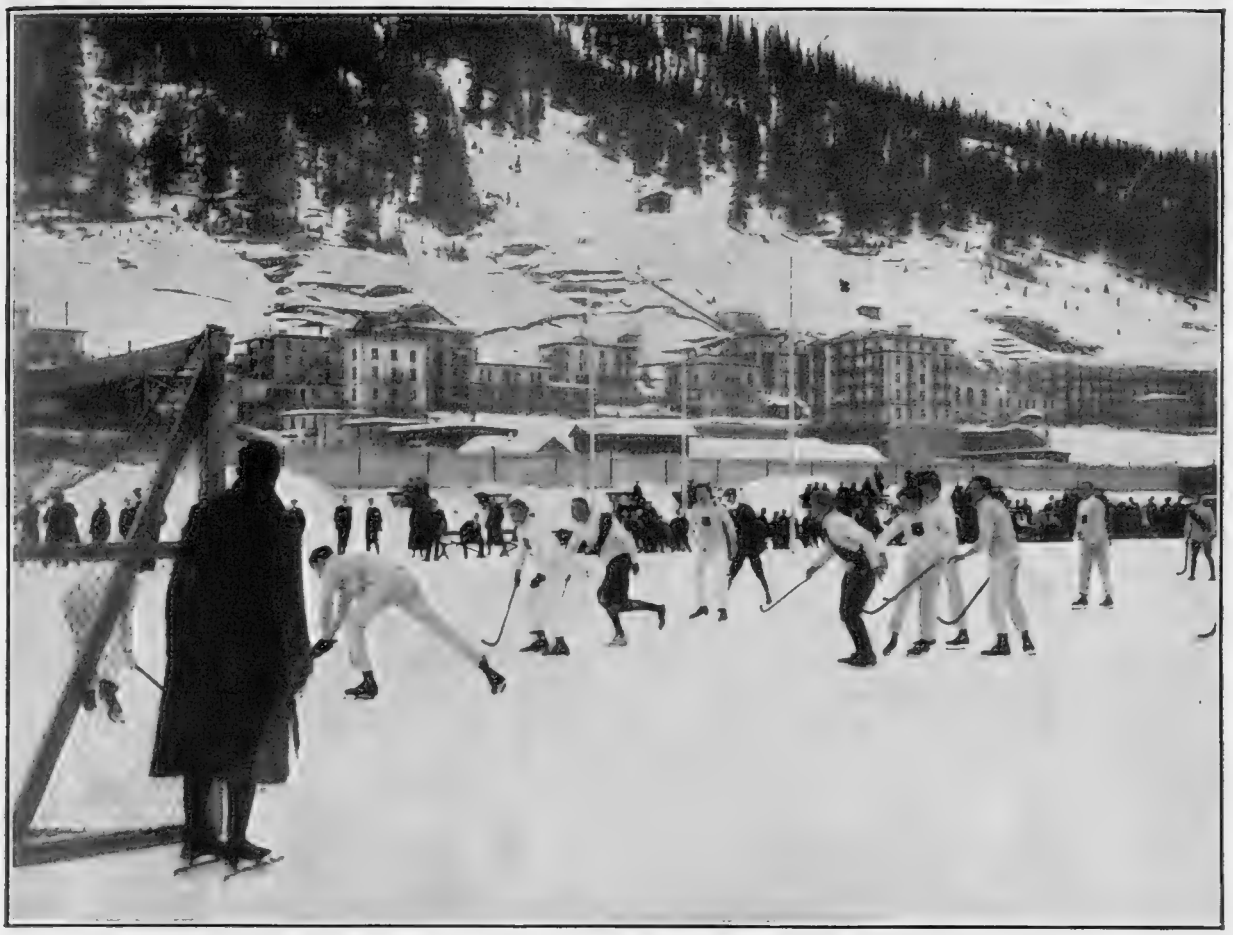
Sport at Davos

Davos has long been known as a centre for winter sport, tobogganing and skating being the principal attractions. This year, however, a strong effort has been made to popularise bandy or ice hockey. The moving spirit has been Captain Wynyard, the well-known Hampshire cricketer, and, owing principally to his exertions, a strong team has been formed. On the 9th inst. the annual match with St. Moritz took place, and proved a rather runaway victory for the local team by six goals to one. Rivalry is keen between the two famous winter resorts, and Davos rejoiced accordingly. On the 11th inst., a series of matches was begun, a Dutch team from Haarlem meeting a Prince's team from London, when the latter proved victorious by three goals to love. The second match took place on the following day, when Davos faced Prince's. This proved an excellent game, the interest, from start to finish being fully sustained. After an exciting struggle Davos emerged victorious by four goals to three. For Prince's, Howell and Sullivan were conspicuous, whilst for the winners Wynyard,

Timber waiting to be exported to all parts of Europe

The Flower Market

Three Views of Amergatory, Copenhagen, where the Famous Flower Market is Held



Bandy at Davos An Attack on Goa

Sequel to a Concentrated Attack: "Goal"!

Photo by] A Group of English Tourists, nearly 5,000 ft. Above Sea Level [*Tairraz*

Photo by] The New Hotel at Les Planets, in Haute Savoie, where a Large Party of English Tourists have been Staying [*Tairraz*

The Casino at Monte Carlo: Showing the New Salon

Interior of the Magnificent New Salon de Conversation

Dante's House in Florence
The venue of many a pilgrimage, which it is now said was not the home of the poet

Gunter, and Wood did excellent service. The third, and final, match between Davos and the Dutch team ended, contrary to the general expectation, in a win for Haarlem by 4 goals to 2.

Sports at Adelboden

The Public School Winter Sports Challenge Cup competition was brought to a close this week at Adelboden. Mr. W. Lowe, of Malvern College, was the first in the skating competition. This young sportsman was also among the winners in the ski-ing and tobogganing contests—Mr. T. Lucan, of Lancing College, was a close second in skating; Mr. Arnold Lunn won the first prize in ski-ing; Mr. J. C. Cookson in tobogganing; and Mr. W. Hunt was presented a special prize for skating. Lady Lawrence gave out the cups and silver badges to the winners, who were loudly applauded by a large crowd of spectators. The weather was, on the whole, favourable.

Dante's House.

Dante's house, that pilgrimage of all visitors to Florence, appears, after all, to be a fraud, and never to have belonged to that "divine poet." Part of a coat of arms has been discovered on one of its stones, which appears to belong either to the Dela or the Badia family. In any case, it has nothing to do with the Alighieri. This discovery has made quite a sensation in Florence.

The Alps in Winter

Our pictures, from photos by Tairraz, of Chamonix, give a party of English people in search of sun and health. The scene is at Les Planets, above Argentières, in Haute Savoie, where Auguste Tairraz, whom members of the Alpine Club will remember at La Bèrarde, in Dauphiné, has built a new hotel. The mountain behind the hotel in our picture is the Aiguille Verte. Here, from a height of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, one looks down upon Chamonix, six miles away, and up to the whole *massif* of Mont Blanc.

Amagertory, Copenhagen

Amagertory is one of the many fine open spaces that rejoice the eye in Copenhagen, which name, by the way, is a corruption of "Kaufmanns Haven," or Merchant's Harbour. Its beautiful fountain, surmounted by a group of storks, is a familiar landmark to every visitor, and more especially to Englishmen, since the windows of the Engleske-Selskab, or Anglo-Danish Society, look on to it, This is a sort of club, or meeting-place, for English people, and for the numerous body of Danes interested in England and its language. Facing the fountain, to the right, is an equestrian statue of King Christian II., known as "The Terrible," because of his violent temper. Round the base of this statue is held daily a market for fruit, flowers, and vegetables, which are brought in for sale, from the little island of Amager, by peasant women wearing an hereditary Dutch costume.

The Golf Links and Club House at Pau

An Historic Market Place

The whole history of the market and market women is full of romantic interest. Christian II. who began to reign in 1513, met in Norway a beautiful girl of Dutch nationality named Katerina. She speedily acquired immense influence over him, an influence which was, if possible, exceeded by that of her unscrupulous mother, Sigebrit. At that period most of our common vegetables were still unknown in Denmark. Katerina felt the deprivation, and pursuaded the King to allow a colony of her country-folk to settle on Amager, which they speedily turned into a garden, and a garden it remains to this day. In an ancient and picturesque house, some doors to the left of the fountain, Katerina was installed, to the great scandal of the good clergy and burgesses of Copenhagen. Here came many of the courtiers to pay their respects, for they knew she and Sigebrit were all-powerful. The front of the dwelling has been transformed into a modern shop.

The Fatal Potion

Here Katerina died, in 1517, after partaking of exquisite fruit, sent her in a basket by some person unknown. Her symptoms were those of poison. Christian was frantic with grief. He suspected a Danish gentleman, Torben Oxe, known to have been an admirer of the royal favourite, and had him put to death with one of his attendants. The King died in 1523, but the little colony established by his

The Chateau at Pau

Dutch mistress, and protected, curiously enough, by his Queen, Isabel of Hainault, still flourishes, and still holds aloof, preserving much of its distinctive national life.

Timber on the Baltic

The timber trade is the great industry of Sweden, especially in the northern provinces, and in it most of the great families are directly or indirectly engaged. The trees are cut in winter, when the snow admits of their being drafted down from the mountains on sledges. In spring they are formed into rafts on the rivers, and floated to the sea. In most of the coast towns there are extensive sawmills, where the logs are cut into planks for shipment. Our illustration shows a pile of timber at Calmar, a town on the Baltic, ready to be exported to other lands.

nothing should interfere with this view, forms an object-lesson in municipal enterprise. The name of every peak is on plaques, fixed to the balustrade, each plaque being aligned with the peak whose name it bears. Here, a word of advice. Do not visit Pau after you have been by the sea, meaning Biarritz or its neighbourhood. Reverse the process; for, on coming hither from the coast, Pau strikes one as "Oh! so close, still, and relaxing," while, not unlikely, one will suffer bad headaches. At the western end of the plateau, on which the town is built, stands Pau's architectural lion, the beautiful old *château*, in the form of an irregular pentagon, with six square towers, which was built by Marguerite de Valois, and restored by Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. Here Henry IV. was born, in 1553, and his cradle, a large tortoiseshell, is exhibited.

The Winter Palace at Pau

Foxhunting at Pau

Pau must be quite the oldest English winter resort in the sunny South, since its favour with our leisured classes dates from nigh seventy years ago, when its climatic advantages were, for the first time, brought into notice by Dr. Alexander Taylor. The number of English visitors increased very rapidly when it was found that the surrounding country was admirably adapted for hunting. The Pau foxhounds are considered the best pack on the Continent, but, of late, the fields have been small, owing to the number of deserters to the golf-links. The town occupies a rocky height, 663 feet above sea-level, and 150 feet above the valley of the Gave, which rolls and glistens just below. It commands, towards the south, that world-famous view of the serrated Pyrenees, seventy miles in length, and the magnificent Boulevard des Pyrenées, which was specially constructed so that

And Other Diversions

Foxhunting, horseracing, polo, golf, pigeon-shooting, and tennis are the daily amusements of Pau; but golf remains supreme among sports. The links on the Plain of Billière are far and away the best on the Continent, as also they are the oldest established. During the season most of the crack amateurs put in an appearance at Pau, and the cosy club-house is made to be the hub of the English element. Speaking socially, Pau possesses a marked peculiarity, if peculiarity it should be termed. The majority of the English and American visitors take villas for the season, and unless you are known to the "villaites," or a member of the excellent English club, you will miss the constant round of entertaining—dinner, bridge, and theatre parties—which makes Pau itself a kind of club, and an exclusive one to boot. However, the casual hotel

Panorama of Cannes and the Bay from La Croix des Gardes

visitor will find plenty to do in partaking of the numerous attractive excursions that lie within easy reach—namely, Lourdes, Argélès, Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, Bagnères de Bizone, etc., to say nothing of the hours which may be spent in the mountains.

The Expansion of Monte Carlo

The much talked-of new rooms of the Casino are at last finished, and even surpass the somewhat meretricious splendours of the old saloons. They are built in the new wing, and are entered from the last of the roulette rooms. Only one is devoted to play, and here the electric light is so brilliant as to give, in comparison, a dim, religious light effect to the older rooms. The way in which the electroliers are arranged round the sides of the room, forming a frieze with nearly a million separate lights, is almost bewildering at first. The other two saloons are a tea room and a smoking room, so that players seeking solace and a cigarette need no longer resort to the overcrowded vestibule. These new rooms will, to some extent, serve to replace the club, which the Administration started some two or three years ago, when play was allowed after the room was closed, which, for some reason, either failed to attract, or failed to pay.

Cannes: The Old Market Place

At the Gaiety Theatre

"THE ORCHID"

"Liza Anne is a neat young lass, and she's working up at Biggs's Mill"

MR. FRED WRIGHT, JUN., AND MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS A LANCASHIRE LAD AND LASS

Gently but firmly he refuses the offer made by Zacchary (Mr. Fred Wright) of £5 for the £2,000 orchid

He advertises for a wife and judiciously considers the claims and charms of the romantic Caroline Vokins (Miss Connie Ediss)

"I do all the dirty work"

He congratulates the Hon. Guy Scrymgeour (Mr. Geo. Grossmith, Junr.,) on his wedding day

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: MR. "MEAKIN" PAYNE, HORTICULTURIST

Miss Phyllis Blair

Miss Kitty Mason

Miss Coral Mansell Miss Florence Dudley Miss Madge Rossmore Miss Ethel Christine Miss Leoni Roy

PRETTY GAIETY GIRLS

MR. GEORGE. GROSSMITH, JUN., AND MISS ETHEL SYDNEY (who has now retired from the stage)

"If you don't propose what you mean to do,
I must propose to you"

"IN THE WINGS"

The most interesting, artistically, of Mr. George Edwardes's new productions—as interesting, perhaps, for what it promises as for what it gives—is the revival, for a few special *matinées*, of Signor Franco Leoni's musical play, founded on Mr. Basil Hood's version of the Hans Andersen story, "Ib and Little Christina," a version which was originally played, of course without music, by Mr. Martin Harvey. Signor Leoni's most charming music, and particularly his most inventive and effective orchestration, are very far above the level of what is usually produced at Mr. George Edwardes's theatres; and, although the artistic appropriateness of setting prose dialogue to music may be doubted—and the result in this play was now and then a little in the direction of bathos—the entire production, alike in its general spirit, in its stage management, in its music, and in the cast engaged, gives considerable hope (if it is to be taken as any indication of a policy which Mr. Edwardes is likely to pursue in the future) of better things than "Country," "Gaiety," and other girls. The piece was sung by a, musically, most distinguished cast. Madame Susan Strong was the Wanderer, Mr. Ben Davies was Ib, Mr. Gordon Cleather, Henrik, and Miss Edna Thornton, Christina. And although, in the case of Mr. Davies particularly, the grand opera traditions of costume and gesture were not quite suited to the quiet tenderness of the character which he was supposed to represent, the association of such names in a George Edwardes's production is an admirable sign for the future. *Ib and Little Christina*, it may be mentioned, is to be given on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoons until the first week of next month.

Miss Winifred Hare

Miss Winifred Hare, who appears once more in the leading part of the pantomime at the Coronet Theatre, is a singer of considerable charm and real artistic refinement, who deserves to play something rather more ambitious than a pantomime principal girl. Her performance in the revival of *Chilperic* recently, at the Coronet, was a delightful piece of tasteful singing and graceful acting. Her appearance in the chief part in *The Silver Slipper*, at the Lyric Theatre, was scarcely less successful. Miss Winifred Hare is the wife of Mr. E. G. Saunders, till recently managing director of the Coronet and Camden Theatres, who has produced this year's pantomime for Mr. Frank Curzon.

The Shakespearean repertory company, which Mr. Beerbohm Tree is shortly to send out into the provinces, beginning with a fortnight's engagement, on February 22, at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, is probably the most distinguished which has ever toured the provinces; and as its programme of *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod* will be mounted, with the original scenery and costumes as used at His Majesty's, it should do much towards removing the reproach against the country of Shakespeare for not adequately representing his works. We understand that the minor parts in the company are to be played by aspirants, who will form members of the Shakespearean training school, which forms part of the whole organisation. The leading

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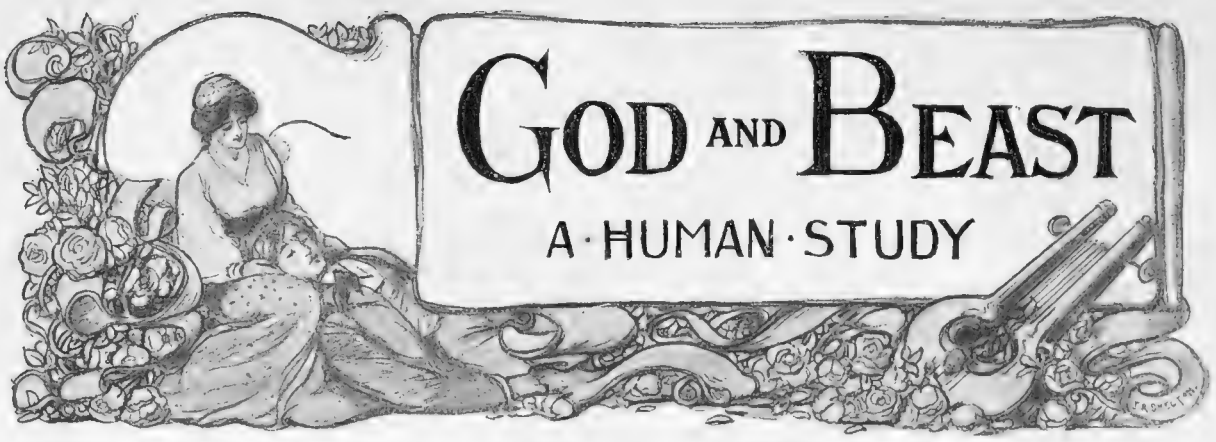
Mr. A. W. Pinero



GOD AND BEAST

A HUMAN STUDY

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

He was out in the Boboli Gardens—the famous Boboli Gardens of Florence. The summer blaze was all about him, near midday; the brazen blue sky was above him; flowers, and white statues, and laurel bushes were with him; Italy, Italy was around him, and in and beyond him Italy, sun-filled and beauty-enfolded; Italy, for the first time that morning, a fact and a dream.

He had come straight through that night, and all day before—straight from Frankfort. He had left it all behind him: the old world, the world he had known all his life; it was gone back into the distance, receding already, for the moment, quite misty and small. And the new world—desired, attempted, through long years of labour—was his at last.

To the artistic temperament, be it said without irreverence, more than to any other, one day is as many years, and many years are as one day. He was only twenty-seven; life seemed old to him, and just beginning. Already his name was illustrious in the musical world; at present it is one of the greatest of all.

He had risen early from brief and useless tossing; had flung open his window on the Arno to the clanging dissonance of the bells. He had gone out into the streets and through the churches, wandering hither and farther, seeing little, seeing all things, drinking them in, like a never-ceasing symphony, whose keynote was Florence. Italy! Italy: the eternal home of the gods.

In a church—he could not have told the name, but it was Santa Maria Novella—he had sunk down on marble chapel steps and rested. Here was coolness, and twilight, and repose, after the fierce glare outside. There was music also; an organist was playing beautiful music—Palestrina—but playing badly. He—the composer, the musician—lay back for a few moments, not listening to the bungling performer; then, gradually, as his thoughts steadied themselves within him, he realised the other's incorrect play. A wrong note screeched through the solemn silence of the sacred building; he sprang, quivering, to his feet; a moment later he was up in the organ loft; he had pushed the player aside.

"Lasciate!" he said.

And, in the agonised pause of the performance, he had flung himself on the keyboard; the notes were streaming and leaping from his fingers; the dead music took shape and throbbed, alive. The frightened organist dropped the arm he had lifted in his fury; the few in the gallery stood listening, spell-bound.

The music poured on. At last they stopped him, breathless. A hideous old woman had dropped her claws on his arm. He broke off at once, with a crash. In Tuscan he could hardly follow—so small was his store of Italian—she told him the priest wanted his luncheon; they were going to shut up the church for the noontide siesta—he must go away.

He got up at once, and went out into the glare and movement of the street again.

Presently he found himself in the Boboli gardens. These he recognised, and he thought on Goethe, on the "Italienische Reise," on the writing, in these gardens, of "Tasso." This was his first day in Italy—how glorious the golden sun was!—the first.

He climbed the statue of Plenty—the "Abbondanza"—and, near the Casino, he sat down, with the wide view before him; not consciously weary—it seemed to him that morning as if nothing could weary him—but eager for a pause of enjoyment in enjoyment, as a lake through which a river flows in its restless hurry to the sea.

When he looked round, he saw Rita.

She was sitting at some distance from him, a few yards down into the greenness, arranging her flowers in the shade. He got up at once, and went and sat down beside her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Yet he did not say anything for a long time, immovable almost, gazing at her. She was the first Italian woman he had seen—seen with soul's eyes, noticed. Fate willed that she should also be—to him, at least—the loveliest.

She was quite young, not out of her teens, a flower girl. Her hair was very dark, and her flesh tints were all crimson and creamy, like the roses she was sorting in her lap. Her eyes were downcast, but a tremor about the lids showed that she was conscious of the stranger's presence beside her.

He sat gazing at her for many gently gliding minutes, and her figure, in its Southern framework, shaped itself to a symphony in his soul. A melody had taken birth from the first glimpse of the picture, more beautiful, it seemed to him, than anything he

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had previously created, a simple motive of four notes in B flat, indissolubly connected for ever after with the thought of this Florentine, already developing and repeating itself in endless variety within his brain.

He pulled out his pocket-book, eager to jot down the theme.

She leaped to her feet. "No, signor!" she cried.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Do not draw me; I do not like it!" she said.

His Italian was slow and uncertain. "I am not going to draw you. I cannot," he said.

But she seemed to doubt his word. Confusedly she began to gather the flowers which had dropped from her basket when she rose, and a wave of carnation swept over her bare neck and arms.

He helped her, forgetting his notebook. When all the blossoms had been restored, excepting one milk-white bud:

"Questo per me," he said. She did not answer.

He drew a *lira* from his waistcoat pocket, letting it slide among the roses in the basket.

"Ah, no!" she exclaimed with vehemence, and shot it out on to the ground.

There it lay till, much later, she picked it up, and put it down carefully on the bench beside him.

He broke the silence, asking her whether they could see Fiesole from where they sat. She shook her head, and, gathering up her flowers, moved forward to the balustrade. There they stood, while she pointed out to him the glories of her native city, right and left.

"Ecco!" she cried, "Santa Croce! Ecco la Signoria! Ecco il Duomo!" and so on, and on! She spoke the pure Tuscan of the Florentine. He, the Rhinelander, the music-lover, had never heard such melody from human lips before.

And the theme which her appearance had created within him, flowed on through all the fibres of his being, a flame of the gods. He was not an ordinary mortal, like you and me, be it remembered, whose daily existence is just daily existence; he was a living instrument of celestial harmonies; he stands out, at this moment, perhaps the greatest composer of our day.

To him, then, this new creature, in the midst of a new creation, beautiful beyond any conception of northern mist and greyness, blazed forth as a suddenly uprising burst of new music, a new, great development of his soul. The vague melodies that had filled him all that night and morning, now, in the splendid noontide, took shape and course, like a torrent of lava, which shook him where he stood.

"Alas, I have forgotten Bartolo!" she broke off abruptly. And her eyes filled with tears. It was a little thing; it was enough. The moment before, he might possibly have bidden her good-day and left her; the tears showed a state of his own mind that came as a surprise. Tears and spells; extremes meet.

"Who is Bartolo?" he asked irritably.

"A neighbour. *Poverino!* he is ill. And the doctor was to come to-day."

She went back to the bench, and took up the bit of silver. "I will put it, then, in the church box," she said. "But, see, I have left my flowers in the sun—they are withered. The fault is yours."

He followed her penitently. "Do not go with me to my home," she said; but he went.

It was a poor home, and a dirty. The street rose narrow and sunless, hung with rags, bespattered, unkempt. The shrill strivings of hungry humanity resounded all over it. Half-naked children slid about. A dishevelled mother said Bartolo was no better.

"The doctor is with him at this moment," she said. The girl pushed open a door, the young German followed her.

Amid dirt and stench, in a corner of a large room that bore ruined signs of long-lost greatness, a sick boy lay on the floor. The doctor, an untidy old man, with a head of grey hair, bent over him.

"Such a noise!" gasped the patient: "always noise."

The doctor glanced round the spacious chamber, belittered with poor men's chattels. "How many families live here? Four?"

"Yes," said the flower girl.

"I thought so," said the doctor. At once he addressed himself to her companion, scenting the stranger, the rich foreigner, possible help.

"How will you that the boy grow better here!" he began volubly. "In this hole of a place, with a dozen, two dozen, men, women, and children about him night and day. It is impossible."

"Can he not go the hospital?"

"There is no room."

"Would he grow better elsewhere?" The speaker's gaze was fixed on the boy's black eyes, staring back at him, fever-lit.

"But yes! Why not? What is the use of talking? He will not be sent anywhere else. He will not get better. He will go to heaven; it is the best way of getting better for poor people. Basta!" The crooked old doctor, in his dusty green mantle, peered at the *Inglese*, wondering how far the man's feelings could be worked on.

"I am only a poor musician," said the stranger, divining the attack on his purse.

"Suo danno," replied the doctor irritably. He did not believe the statement; he was old-fashioned, and, to him, this fair-faced, short-haired foreigner, in checks, was not an *artista*, but an English *milord*. "He will die then. Well, it is so easy. And so inevitable. One wonders so many avoid it so long."

The girl began to cry. They heard her, as she stood by the window, looking out.

"How much will it cost to cure him?" An absolute faith spoke in the musician's accents. He had the veneration for medical science of a man who has never been ill; and, true child of emotional genius, he invariably discovered a deceiver after, not before, he had been deceived.

The crafty Florentine realised the position at a glance. "Three hundred francs," he said coldly, and began discoursing volubly of treatments, operations, and private hospitals—most excellent—certain recovery.

The German had changed colour slightly. He drew forth a shabby little purse from his trousers'

pocket, and counted out, with an appearance of negligence, fifteen golden napoleons on a table close by. It was a rickety table, belonging to some other tenant of the room. The doctor pounced on the money. The girl stood watching. "There goes Napoli," murmured the musician under his breath. Neither she nor the doctor understood.

"Addio!" said the German, to the doctor's rapid flow of admiration, and hurried out of the oppressive atmosphere into the smelly street

The girl came after him. "You gave too much," she gasped behind him.

He turned.

"A golden napoleon—it is more than twenty *lire*!"

"How much more?"

"I do not know. A couple more. The strangers have told me, in buying flowers."

He went back to the doctor immediately. "You are a thief and a liar," he said with sudden comprehension. "Keep your money. What do I care?" And he hastened away into the sunshine, across a piazza. The clang of bells came down upon him from a campanile overhead. He glanced up. "One of the bells is out of tune!" he said. "Why, in all the peals of Italy, is one bell always out of tune?" He looked round; the girl stood beside him. He repeated the question to her, and laughed.

"You are a good man; I love you!" said the girl.

The words pierced him like a flame. "Let us go into the church," he said, "and talk of beautiful things." The church was that of S. Michele. He walked up straight to the altar by Orcagna, and stood gazing for a long time at its beautiful bas-reliefs. Whether he observed them—in any way distinguished their subjects—it would be difficult to say; but the fact of their exquisite presence, the face-to-faceness with artistic reality, sank like balm upon his soul. All the little incidents of our daily existence fade away; all the petty workers and screamers stop working very shortly and scream themselves still; the science of yesterday is the fable of to-morrow; never was a devil yet but turned into a myth. Only art is undying, unaltered through the ages; being the humanly visible, in time and space, materialisation of God.

He noticed the date: 1359. "It is yesterday," he said; and he thought of the Venus, vaguely seen that morning in the Tribuna, remembered as a dream.

He was dead tired, worn out with the rush of impressions. The church slept around him, empty and silent. He went and lay down in a corner, under the shadow of a chapel. The girl, drawing timidly near, pillowed his head upon her knees.

Very soon he fell asleep, and dreamed of harmonies unutterable. All through the afternoon he slept peacefully, breathing like a child. When he opened his eyes, they looked up from her lap; she was sitting immovable.

"I have been in the seventh heaven," he said.

"E bello il paradiso?"

"Molto, molto bello!"

"E gli angeli—sono belli di lei?"

Then, in the church, he took her hand and kissed it. She drew it away.

He sat up, with his head sinking forwards. So he sat for a long time, she not daring to stir. All the tiredness had dropped away from him; he felt strong and refreshed. And a wave of creative energy came surging up within him, the sound of whose approach he knew well.

"Hush!" he said, "hush! Oh, my God!" He thrust her away from him, and he began writing, as she had seen him do a brief moment in the Boboli garden, writing now ceaselessly, passionately, with rapid movements to and fro, with breaks and jerks, mutterings and hummings, flinging strange signs on the roll he had drawn from his coat pocket, writing on, through slow strikings of clocks in the nearness and the distance, singing at intervals, in an undertone, strange melodies to himself.

A little old woman had crept into another corner of the church, and was praying. He did not heed her, nor, for the matter of that, did she appear to take any notice of him. Once the girl, half alarmed, yet more fascinated, almost rose; he struck her down, with an oath. "Stay!" he commanded, as the word might hit a dog. When not writing, he fixed his eyes on her pitilessly; the musical motive she had called up in him at first meeting came back ceaselessly—in long variations, more entrancing, it seemed to him, each time. He gazed at her—she endeavouring, as best she could, to endure it—all his inspiration he seemed to be drawing from that beautiful face. And the flame burned up in his eyes, leaping out to enwrap her, to consume her, that the essence of this strange, sudden Southern enthusiasm, this intoxication of novelty and passion, might pass into his notes. "Italy! Italy!" he murmured between his writings. It seemed to him as if hitherto his music had dwelt in a mist.

And he wrote thus, composing hurriedly, in the shadows of the chapel, the great orchestral work, the world-famous *Weibesliebe*. All now know it—the few who love music, and the many who pretend to. It celebrates woman's love, which soars above men's as the snow summits rise over granite. It sings of that love in all its phases—the love of the maiden, the mistress, the mother, the wife; it climbs from the profane to the divine, with the thought of the painting, he had not yet seen, by Titian (for we do not see a picture when we see its reproduction); it ascends through the hymn of the nuns to the agony—the peace of the Mother of God. Solemn silence fell upon him in the sudden hush of the glorious finale, where, for the last time, the purified notes of the opening sound high up, as if speaking in heaven.

"It is done!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet. "Va bene! Va bene!" she answered, glancing up at him. From the first she had grasped what was happening, had accepted—where a Northern perception would have doubted the maniac—the artist.

"Done!" he repeated irritably. "All remains to do. I must have a piano! Immediately. Someone must get me a piano at all cost!" He stamped his foot on the ground in his agitation. "In my room there is none; it will not come till to-morrow, I must have a piano to-night!"

"Si!" she said. "Si!"

"Light! Give me more light!" he cried. "More flowers! Help me! You don't understand."

He stood looking at her for a moment, in the golden twilight of the chapel. Then suddenly he caught her in his arms and kissed her, and kissed her on the lips.

But she struggled and pushed him back. "Non cosi!" she gasped. "Sono povera, ma son'onesta." He stood away from her, breathless, amazed.

"No!" she said. "No! No! No!" Furious, he turned upon her, pouring out a frenzy of passion and desire. All the heart and ecstasy of that wondrous day rose in him, streaming out towards her, who had become the incarnation, and the symbol, the muse, supernatural, the most human, material, desirable flesh and blood.

"Io t'amo; io t'amo!" he stuttered in his wildness. "Io t'amo!" he cried aloud, not caring for her answer, not listening, not thinking. It was long before he caught her whisper. He understood the word that dropped from her quite wrongly at first. "You shall have a priest if you want him!" he retorted angrily, then he turned, and saw the black figure behind him.

"Ah!" he said, "speak of the devil——" he stopped.

"Che è?" said the priest. A fat man, red and sensuous, a bad type of his sort.

The musician laughed aloud. "It is Providence!" he cried. "In this marvellous day all things are providential." He led the ecclesiastic a few paces aside. "Marry me to this woman," he said, "in some sort of manner." He was trembling from head to foot. "Oh, wonderful day! Oh, most marvellous day!" he burst out. "It has given me immortality, for the things I had written till now are things that live and die; it brings me a new love, a love above all others; it is a new existence, begun this morning! See, if I continue through the ages, I shall owe it to this woman!"

"Hist!" said the greasy cleric with a grin; he wrote the man down at once a dreamer, a fool. "You know the laws, I presume? I cannot marry you to-night!"

"Laws? What have they to do with marriage, which is a sacrament of the hearts?"

"True, but they punish the priest. And you are a Protestant, or you would know that I cannot——"

"I am a Catholic. I know or care nothing, except that you *can* bless, to her satisfaction, my union with Margherita. That is all I demand. As for the legal business, we will see to that afterwards."

"Madness!" cried the priest, throwing up his podgy hands. But already the German was back at the chapel steps, where the girl stood, doubtful. "Wilt thou marry me in the sight of heaven! Is that sufficient?" he gasped.

"The Signor Padre knows," said the girl. With a soft movement behind his back, uncounting, he thrust the shabby purse from his trousers' pocket, and all it contained—all the long-gathered Italian journey money—into the priest's limp hand.

The next incident was a pause while the priest, in the deepening dusk, moved away to some candles on an altar round the corner and counted the cash. "Thou wilt marry me; thou wilt love me; thou wilt be good to me," hotly whispered the composer

"I love thee," replied Margherita.

"Va bene," said the priest, coming back. And, then and there, in the chapel, he performed a mock ceremony with unction. It was not one that could have got him into trouble with the authorities; it took the form of a very solemn betrothal, if you choose so to consider it; but it went a great deal further, did you wish it to do so. It was only a few solemn sentences, whispered in the soft summer darkness, a joining of hands, the placing of his ring on her fingers, a benediction and a prayer. "I join you together in the sight of God," said the old scoundrel. There was quite a large sum in the purse. In the disorders of his own secret existence, the priest, just at that moment, was terribly hard up for funds.

The young German drew towards him his beautiful Italian bride. "I will not wrong thee—I, too will be good to thee," he said. "And now that I have one of the two things I want," he added, "get me the other."

"What is that?" she asked.

He flew out at her. "Un piano!"

"A room would be sufficient for the moment," said the priest.

The girl burst into bright peals of laughter. "He means a pianoforte, not an apartment," she said. "Come, dearest, thou shalt have thy piano," and she lead him away as in a dream. She was happy with an unknown happiness; her heart laughed within her.

"In a house of the Via del Moro," she said; "where the landlady buys my flowers, there is a piano there, I know. I have often heard the English meesseess play on it; she departed last week. We will go thither; the signora will gladly leave thee the rooms for the night. She is very poor."

Thither they wandered together through the glory of the August sunset in the golden streets of Florence. The landlady was poor indeed, and accommodating beyond reasonable hope. The German stood in the entrance and felt in his pocket. "But I have no money!" he said, as if awakening to the fact, with three copper *sous* on his palm. The flower-girl was the richer of the two; she produced a few francs.

"Bah, I give thee my watch," said the musician. "And that which is singing in my head I will sell in a day or two; then we shall have money enough." He sold it, indeed, a week later, sold it madly, letting go the copyright for a few hundred *lire*. It has enriched the Morosi.

The watch was, fortunately, a valuable one, given him by an illustrious personage, with a cipher and coronet in diamonds. As the landlady inspected it, her face broadened.

"Is there anything the Excellenza requires?" she asked.

"Yes." Already he was on the staircase; he turned. "Many candles! And flowers, white flowers—large quantities, roses! Get, also, three bottles of red wine, and three of champagne."

"And food? Art thou not hungry?" questioned Margherita.

A shade of displeasure crept over his face. "Food?" he said, "if thou wilt. What thou wilt." He hurried upstairs, and she followed him. She had not eaten since the early morning, nor he.

The room where the piano stood was a large one, lofty, magnificently sculptured in dingy parts. Its yellow damask hangings were torn and faded, but a certain unmistakable grandeur hung about them still.

The musician beheld, in a flash, his common little chambers at home. He exulted aloud, and, with a cry that was an inspiration and a triumph, he flung himself upon the instrument.

For hours he worked on, his eyes flashing, his fingers quivering, unless, with sure stroke, they smote the keys. She (humbly) gazed upon his face that seemed transfigured, saw it lighten with every change of feeling, saw it swept by a conflict of passions, as the ocean in a storm. "Light! give me more light!" he cried. "More! more!" he repeated. "More flowers! Help me! You don't understand." The room was blazing with candles; great masses of white blossoms and greenery illumined it. He gasped with delight. Suddenly he leaped from his seat and ran to her where she stood with her arm full of roses; he caught her in his embraces; his breath burnt upon her cheeks. "Bellissima! Vita mia! Musa mia. Inspirazione!" he cried. The whole room was a furnace, a red-hot paradise of hell.

She prayed to him for pity, with sweet kisses, her arms about his neck. In the pauses of his passion, he bade her bring him wine.

And he flung across the keyboard great bursts of sudden harmony; the score shaped itself steadily, as a temple rising on a rock. He called for more champagne; she brought it him. Deep draughts he drank, in ever swifter succession, from the bottle awaiting his hand.

When the food arrived, warm, she also brought it him, placing it carefully on a little table she moved nearer, buzzing about him with eager and anxious care.

"Eat," she said, "eat, then! The macaroni will grow cold." And as he took no notice, she plied him persistently, lifting the plate. "Thou hast eaten nothing all day. The gravy is——"

He snatched the plate from her hand. Before she had realised what was happening, or he, he had dashed it away in the distance. A flop of macaroni, as he flung it, hit her shoulder, and dropped in clouts down her breast.

He wrote on, working frantically. Once he got up, fetched a second bottle of champagne, tried laboriously to open it, then struck the head against the window sill and drank. So he struggled on. Once he looked straight at her, and she saw that his eyes were overcast. "It is that," he said thickly. "That—that. Yes, it is right; oh, beautiful, beautiful! But a little later he tore a whole page across. He sat gazing stupidly at the keys. Then he rose, supporting himself, with a crash of both hands on the notes. He swayed forwards, and came staggering towards her. The next moment he fell heavily, his full length along the floor. She, just in time, drew aside the slip of the table-napkin, saving all the contents of the table.

He lay, a dead weight, arms outspread, breathing loudly, his eyes closed, his mouth open. She stood by him, not dismayed, but astonished. She had seen drunkenness, of course, in her upgrowing; not, however, as a familiar thing.

He opened his eyes; they were glazed; did he see her?

"Margherita," he muttered, the words tumbling thickly, "t'amo. Saro buono. Margherita—Rita mia—mia Musa—mia——"

A Present from Mr. Seddon

This lamb, sent over from New Zealand frozen solid in a block of ice, is a curious example of the refrigerating process

THE WORKING MAN IN DENMARK

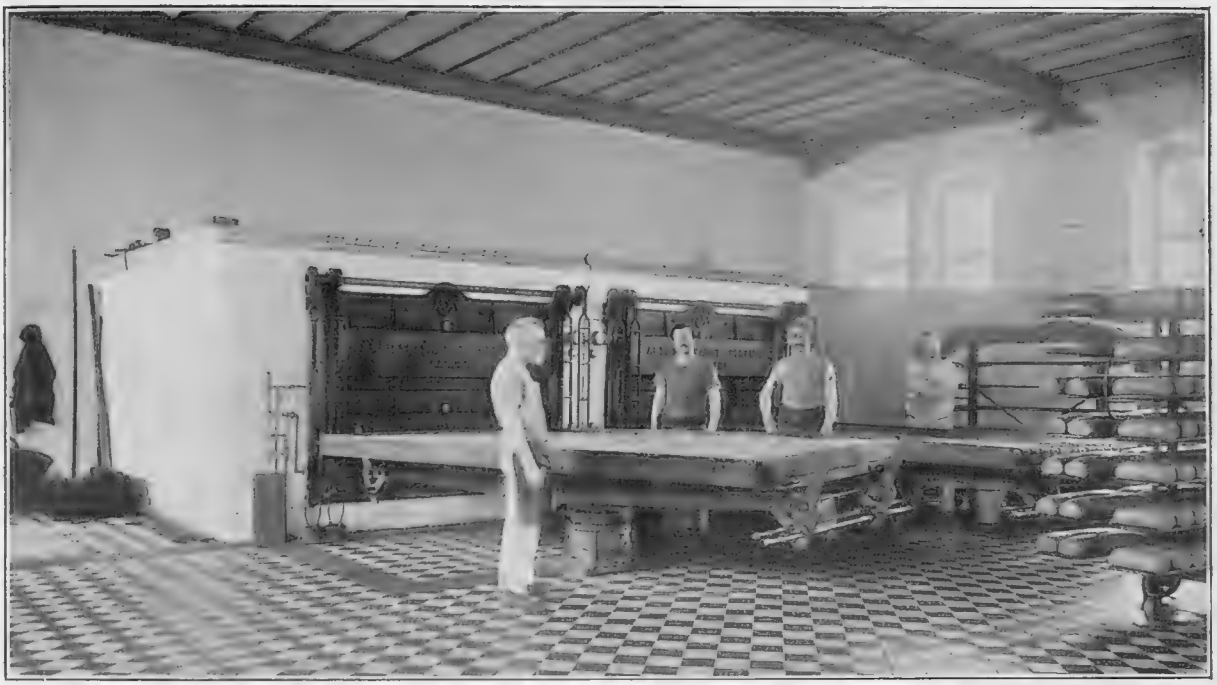
The Old Age Pensions Home in Copenhagen

Every man and woman in Denmark is entitled to enter these homes and be maintained by the State in their old age. No disgrace attaches to the system, for, having in his younger days contributed taxes towards the institution, the Dane feels he has a right to demand repayment in this manner

The Interior of a Room in an Old Age Pensions Home

Everything is scrupulously clean. There is none of that squalid and abject appearance so common among the poor elsewhere, and the inmates preserve their self-respect and independence

Exterior of the Co-operative Bakery in Copenhagen
It was originally started with the collected subscriptions of working men, and now is one of the finest paying properties. Its shareholders are all working men



The Bakehouse, Copenhagen
The bakehouse is fitted with the most perfect machinery

A Street of Villas Owned by Working Men in a Suburb of Copenhagen
All were erected by the Co-operative Society, and are now the absolute property of their residents

Photo by] **Miss Bessie Featherstone** *[Wood*

Who is playing the Prince in *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and will shortly be seen in London, at the Pavilion

Photo by] **Mrs. Langtry** [*Lafayette*

Who is now touring with her company in America

THE ONLY THING TO DO

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

"I saw you out to-day," she said.

He looked up quickly, with a faintly startled air.

"Saw me? Where?"

"In Regent Street. You were driving with a girl —a very pretty girl," she added slowly.

"My cousin, I suppose."

"Evelyn?"

"Yes—Evelyn."

His curt tone did not invite further conversation She sighed a little, and looked into the fire. She did not see it. She saw, instead, a carriage rolling down Regent Street, and a man and a girl side by side. She saw the girl's smile, the man's eager face. She glanced across the hearth. . . . It was not eager now.

"Jim," she said presently.

He looked up again, not without a touch of irritation.

"Well?"

"Is that book very interesting? Won't you put it down and talk to me?"

He laid it down in silence and looked at her.

"Well?" he said presently.

She sighed quickly, and then, with a sudden movement, rose from her chair and came and knelt at his side. The lamplight fell hardly on her raised face, with its dusting of powder, its faint touch of rouge. The man's eyes, turned on it, changed a little.

"Why do you do that, Madge?" he said, with a little note of disgust in his voice.

Her face coloured under the paint.

"Why? Oh, because . . . I looked so pale, and you were coming, and—I had a horrid headache all day."

"You know I hate it," he said crossly.

She bent her head until her cheek rested against his knee.

"Don't scold me to-night, Jim, please," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I—I'm not well, I think."

"You're hardly ever well, it seems to me," he said unsympathetically. "There's always something wrong with you. You used to say you didn't know what it was to have a headache."

"Ah, I used!" . . . she broke off.

"And now . . . there, there, don't cry."

She choked back a sob and tried to laugh.

"I'm not crying. What is there to cry about? I'm quite happy. It's so nice to have you all to myself for an evening, Jim, dear. You're so busy, I hardly ever seem to see you now.

He moved uneasily in his chair.

"I must go back to town presently," he said. "There's an article Grainger wants done——"

She lifted her face from his knee.

"To-night! Oh, Jim, can't you stay—can't you write it here?"

"No, I can't," he said sharply.

Her head sank again.

"I hate being here at night without you," she said in a low voice. "I get what you call 'blue-devils.'" She shivered a little. "It seems sometimes as if I must do something—something—I don't know what. I can hardly lie still in bed. I——"

"And then you take that beastly morphia," he said, "and make yourself fifty times worse than you were before."

"I can't help it," she said piteously. "Oh, Jim, I *can't* help it. I must do something or I should go mad."

"Rot," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "moonshine—rubbish!"

She shivered again.

"Ah, if you only knew. . . . Oh, Jim, won't you stay to-night? I never do it when you're here—won't you?"

"I've told you I can't. What's the good of bothering about it? Do be sensible, Madge."

"I'm not sensible," she said sadly. "I never was. You used to say you hated sensible women, Jim."

"I daresay I said lots of silly things," he answered bitterly.

She sighed, and crept a little closer to him.

"Jim?"

"Well?"

"Your cousin—Evelyn——"

He rose suddenly, with a rough movement.

"For God's sake, don't let us discuss Evelyn," he said. "I must go now. Good-night!"

She rose, too, and stood for a moment facing him. she was very pale, in spite of her paint. There was a look in her eyes which he did not care to meet.

"Jim," she said gently, "I'm not blaming you. I can't blame you. I'm older than you, and I'm not pretty any more, and—and I was very silly, and very wrong to do—what I did. I ought to have stayed with Henry. I oughtn't to have let you ruin yourself for me. But I didn't think—I didn't think you'd——" Her voice broke, and then she pulled herself together again and went on steadily, "I thought you'd always care for me, Jim, and I—loved you so. Forgive me!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" he said roughly. "There's nothing to forgive. I knew what I was doing—I wasn't a baby. I knew what running away with another man's wife meant as well as you."

"Yes, dear," she said gently, "but you didn't know what marrying another man's wife meant. That's just the difference. And now you—do."

"What do you mean?"

(*All Rights Reserved*)

"I mean that you ought to have married your cousin."

He turned away.

"Oh, do leave Evelyn out of it. What has she done to you? I tell you I don't ——"

She lifted her hand suddenly and he stopped.

"Don't do that, Jim," she said quietly; "not lies—dear, please."

He looked up furiously. Then he checked himself and went to the door. When he reached it, he looked back involuntarily. She was standing where he had left her, a solitary figure in the midst of the lighted room. He paused.

"Good-night!" he said awkwardly.

"Good-night! Won't you kiss me, Jim?"

Her tone was very gentle. He went back, put a hand on her shoulder, and kissed her quickly on the cheek.

"Good-night, dear!" he said, not unkindly.

She flung her arms round his neck, and held him for a moment. He looked down at her bent head and his face softened.

"Madge," he said, "don't take that beastly stuff to-night—promise me you won't, there's a dear girl. To-morrow I'll stay—if—if I can. Don't take it to-night, just to please me. Promise!"

She did not answer. He tried to see her face, but it was hidden.

"Promise!" he said again.

She let him go, and turned away.

"Thank you, Jim," she said. "Good-bye."

* * *

An hour later she stood before her toilet-table with a little silver syringe in her hand. She had put on a white dressing-gown, and washed the paint and powder from her face, and she looked at her reflection in the glass and smiled.

"I'm glad I didn't promise," she said.

She turned the gas very low, and lay down on the bed with a sigh of infinite weariness—or relief.

"Forgive me, Jim," she said, as her eyes closed. "I didn't promise, you know . . . and accidents are always happening. It was—the only thing to do."

"HACKBUT," THE KING'S LATEST PURCHASE IN IRELAND

The new racehorse has been entered for the Maiden Plate, Punchestown

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

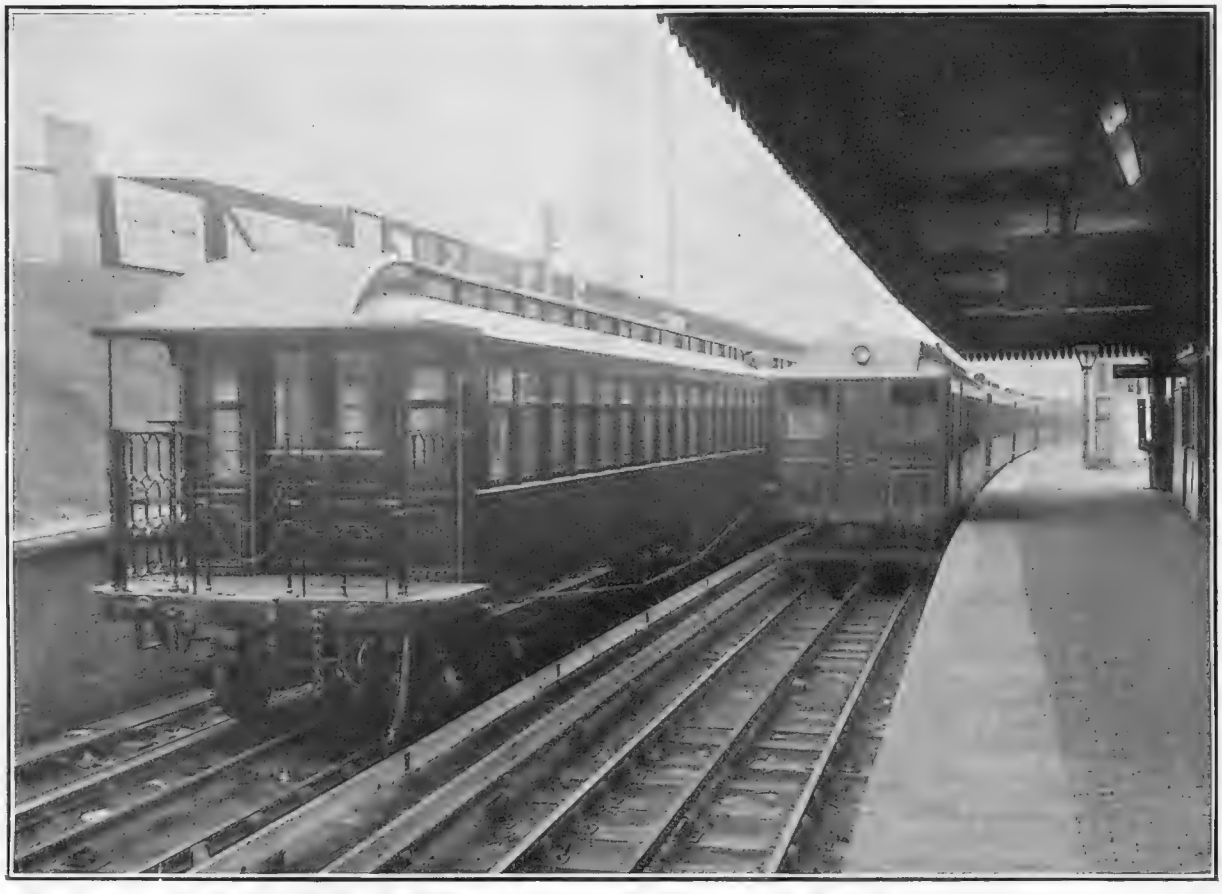
The Coming Era of Rapid Transit

Before many weeks are over electric trains will be running between Liverpool and Southport, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and between Newcastle and Whitley Bay, on the North-Eastern Railway.

Both these up-to-date companies—which put the Southern lines to shame—are now electrifying portions of their suburban track, much to the delight of those who travel daily upon them.

Liverpool and Newcastle business men will be conveyed from their homes by the sea to their offices in clean, roomy, brilliantly lit, well warmed and ventilated, and exceedingly comfortable carriages; trains will run much more frequently than at present; the centre

The Mersey Railway: Interior of a Car on the New Electric Trains

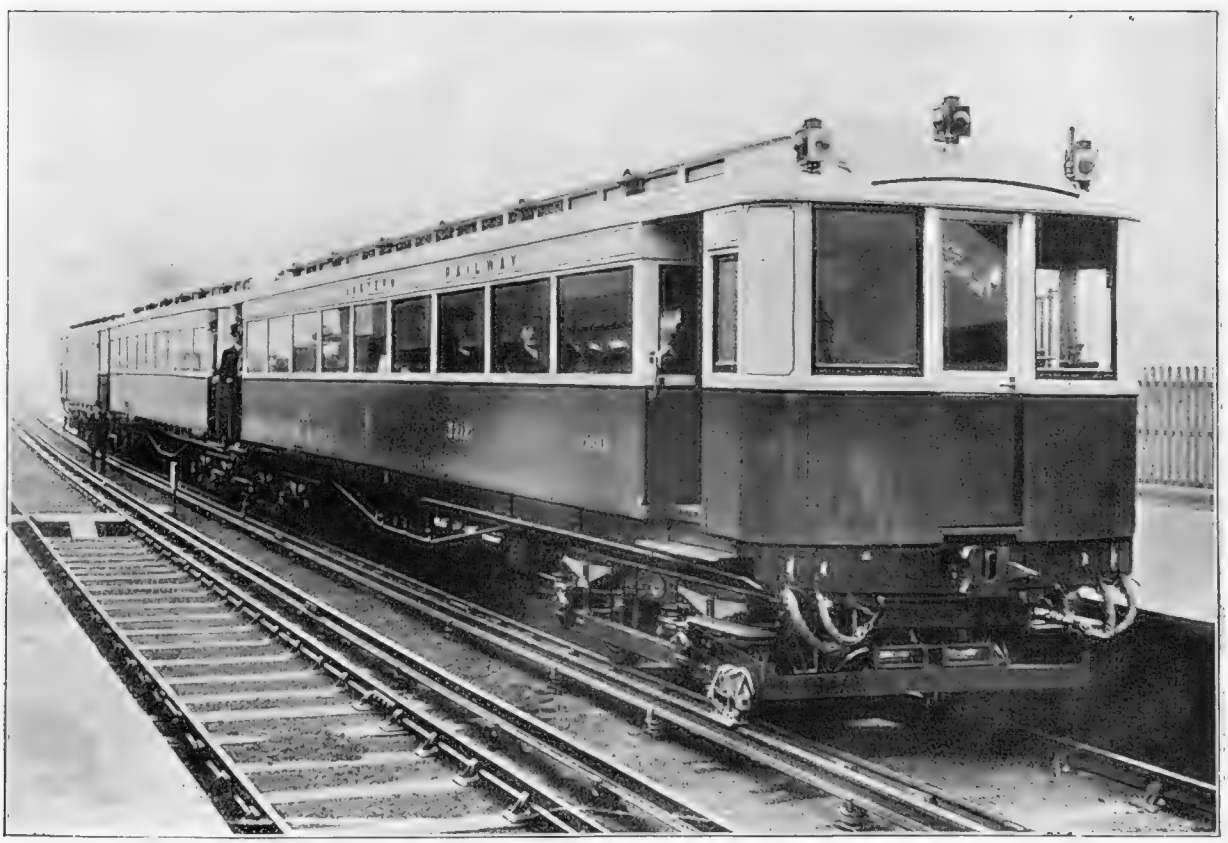


Electrification of the Mersey Railway: Exterior View of the New Cars

Metropolitan District Railway: An Electric Train which is Running Experimentally between Ealing and South Harrow

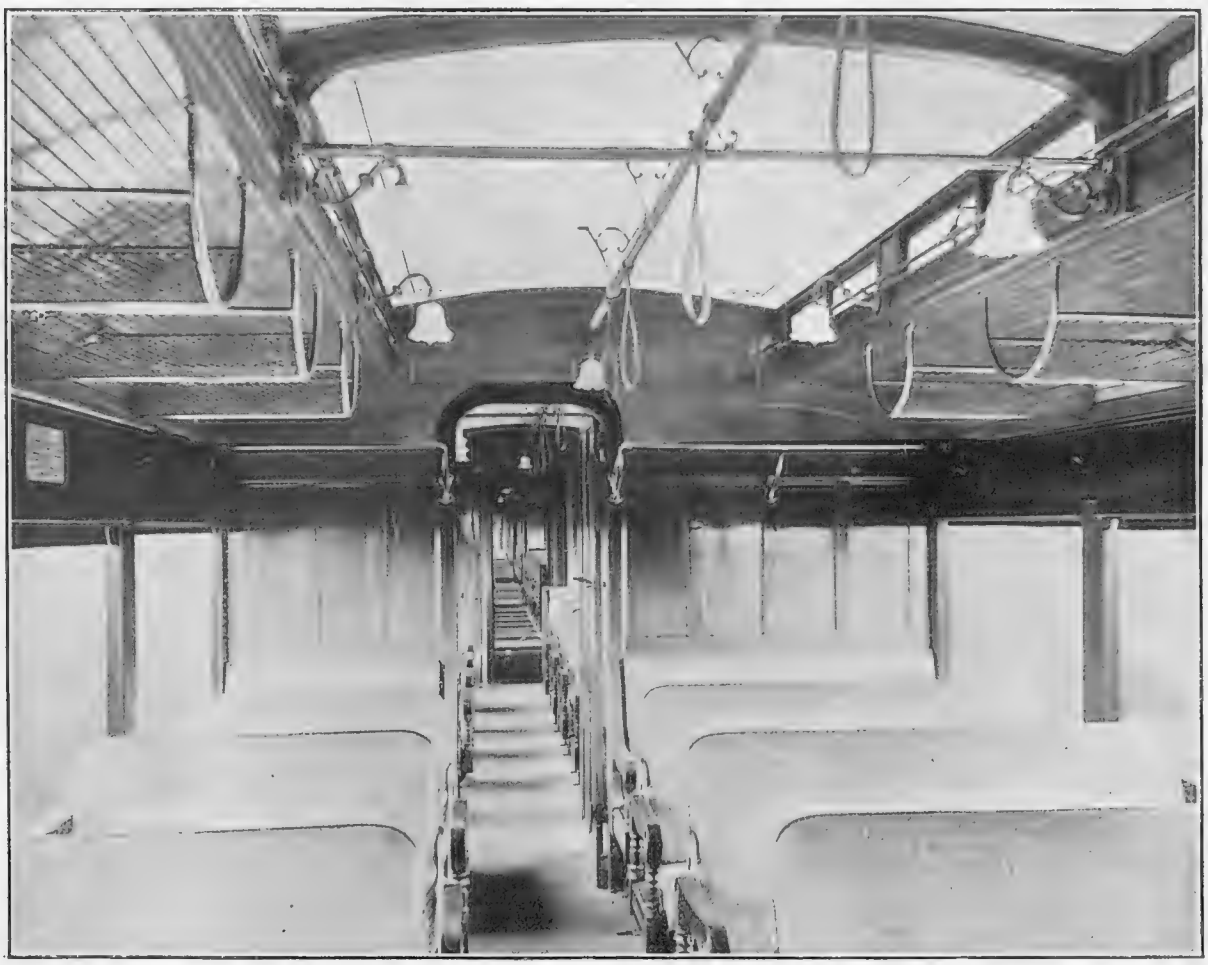
corridors will greatly reduce the time spent at stations; there will be no steam engines emitting smoke, grit, and dirt; the trains will get up a speed of thirty miles an hour in as many seconds, and will be fitted with efficient brakes; the cars will be fireproof, and travel will be made altogether as pleasant as possible.

Unfortunate Londoners, groaning under the tyranny of the Underground, the South-Eastern, and other suburban railways notorious for unpunctuality, a miserable speed, dirty, ill-lit, and cold coaches, and a wretched service, will envy those who live on the two above-mentioned Northern lines.



The North-Eastern Railway have Electrified their System between Newcastle and Tynemouth

A First Class Saloon on the Electric Trains between Liverpool and Southport



Interior of a Third Class Car of the First Electric Train on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway

"The Twopenny Tube": New Multiple-unit Trains which have Superseded the Old Electric Locomotives

FEMININE BRIDGE

MRS. ANSON, *a rigorous, if indifferent, player.* MISS BANKS, *who can't play and doesn't want to, but finds it essential to do what other people do.* MISS DOBSON, *stout, garrulous, and futile.* MRS. CARRUTHERS, *easily heated, with a tendency to culture.*

"What did you lead from, Miss Dobson?" asked Mrs. Anson, with acerbity.

"Hearts. My favourite suit. I never can resist hearts. Besides, you never know what your partner has," answered Miss Dobson.

"I know what you haven't. You haven't got any," retorted Mrs. Anson, with bitter certitude.

"No, I haven't got any," said Miss Dobson, waxing explanatory, while everybody waits. "But I'd nothing else but spades. I never play a spade. Spades *(confidentially)* predict death. I sometimes feel as if I'd rather revoke than play a spade." *(Shortly does so, and apologises fluently. Apologies received in frozen silence by Mrs. Anson.)*

"Leave it," announced Mrs. Carruthers.

"Hearts," said Miss Banks in an agitated voice. "No—No—Diamonds—No—One moment, I beg. No—er—Yes—No *(with tremendous emphasis)*—No trumps *(lays down a Yarborough.)* "You see, not having anything of anything, I couldn't make trumps of anything, so I had to make no trumps."

"I double," said Mrs. Anson gleefully.

"You should never make *sans atout*——" began Mrs. Carruthers in a rising voice.

"*Sans atout*," said Miss Banks, who discerned a method of temporarily diverting the storm, "Curious word."

"*Sans atout*," began Mrs. Carruthers, falling into the trap, "is derived from——"

"It is ten minutes past six," interrupted Mrs. Anson, severely. Mrs. Carruthers relapsed into a vengeful silence. As Miss Banks watched trick after trick being swept up, her jaw dropped. "Aren't you going to take any?" she inquired, with tears in her voice.

"What a game. All luck," said Miss Dobson to Miss Banks, with excellent intention. "I prefer whist. As my poor dear father used to say, 'Dorcas, women who can play whist are rare, but you——'"

"If you hadn't talked, and put me off, we should have got the Grand Slam," snapped Mrs. Anson.

"Oh! you have taken a trick. How clever of you," said Miss Banks to Mrs. Carruthers. Mrs. Carruthers opened her mouth, and closed it again with a snap.

I read something so clever the other day," said Miss Dobson, rushing in. "What is Latin for bridge—no, for ass——" *(She thinks hard with a corrugated brow.)* "Something to do with Euclid."

"*Pons asinorum*," answered Mrs. Carruthers wearily "Jokes, like eggs, *do* need to be fresh."

"Anyone could have said it. It was merely a matter of thinking of it," said Mrs. Anson in a chilly voice. "Your deal, Mrs. Carruthers."

"Leave it," said Mrs. Carruthers after long deliberation.

"Don't leave it," implored Miss Banks in genuine terror. "Well, if I must—I must, I suppose. No more no-trumps or *sans atout* or whatever you call it for me. Much as I hate it," *(She draws a long breath).* "Spades." *(She lays down four aces with a comfortable following to each.)*

"Never go trumps unless you have five aces," said Mrs. Carruthers with scathing sarcasm. *(They play in silence for a few moments, while Miss Banks combats tears with indifferent success.)*

"Our rub," suddenly shrieked Mrs. Anson. "Now we must settle up. A shilling a hundred I think we said." *(She takes up the score).* "Good Heavens! *(Everyone utters their pet ejaculations as they are confronted with the blank scores.)* F. STEWART.

Bridge. By Problematicus.

Our suggestion, that the rules for discarding at Bridge might be simplified to the general advantage by substituting, for the half-dozen at present existing, the single rule, that the first discard shall always be made from the suit which the discarder wants leading, has aroused a good deal of opposition. This opposition comes, not so much from expert players, who have mastered the present intricacies of discarding, and might, very naturally, not wish to see this labour wasted, but rather, and far more acrimoniously, from the proud player, who tells you, with an imperial air, "I *always* discard rubbish"—a joyous but ineffectual practice.

To such objectors we would suggest that the discard should be used to give one's partner information. If the present rules did not so often break down in this matter of giving that information, we should not have taken exception to them; but they do break down, because you have so often to leave your partner in doubt as to which of two suits you want leading. We believe it would be worth while to substitute this single simple rule, even though you would more often have to weaken a moderately strong suit, because, by following it, you would always give your partner the necessary information.

A kindly correspondent gives us another method of acquiring a card memory. He takes the two suits in which his own hand and dummy together are strongest, and keeps on repeating to himself the cards still unplayed in them, till those two suits are exhausted. Of the other two suits, accordingly, he takes but little account, and admits that he does not remember, towards the end of a hand, much of what has happened in them. The manifest advantage of his system is that it gives the beginner fewer cards to remember; and, as the card memory strengthens, he can apply it to all four suits. But we prefer the system of repeating to yourself the cards of each trick as they are played, because it is not only necessary to know what cards have fallen, but the order in which they have fallen; you can quickly reckon what cards are still in. Also, after a time, the effort of memory becomes purely unconscious, and you have more of your wits at liberty to draw useful inferences.

Our readers are really exceedingly good in the matter of sending us their experience in the matter of the two Conventions for leading when one's partner has doubled a no-trump declaration. Most of them seem to lead the highest of their shortest suit; and it would seem that twice in five times, at the most, is their shortest suit the doubler's long strong one. Theoretically, of course, only once in four times will the leader's weakest suit be his partner's strongest. With these odds against you, it is manifestly most dangerous to double no-trumps under the highest of shortest suit convention; and we doubt that the wise player will take such a risk, save in moments of desperation. The followers of this Convention, for the most part, cling to it with a brave British stubbornness we can but admire; but, when we question those with whom we play as to their preference for it, we rarely find them clinging to it for any other reason than a sentimental devotion to a lost cause, which is magnificent, but hardly Bridge. If you follow the Heart Convention, you know exactly when to double, and are sure of getting the right lead. Moreover, and it is an important point, hearts will be the long strong suit against a no-trump declaration more often than any other suit; for, if the declarant has a no-trump hand with strong hearts, he will often prefer to declare hearts.

There is a call, a very useful call, which players neglect to make far too often, that is the call in trumps when you hold four and your partner is leading them. Say that you hold 8, 7, 4, 3, play the 4 to the first round, the 3 to the second—a higher card before a lower. The advantage of calling thus is that at the end of the second round of trumps, you have shown your partner that you have two left. If he has five and either of your adversaries two, as may happen in a spade declaration, he stops leading them instead of drawing two trumps to none, or, if he has four, he can use his judgment about drawing two to one. Also, if he finds you short of a suit, he knows that you can ruff it twice. But do not call if your opponent is leading trumps, because he will be far more likely to be able to use the information than your partner.

With regard to our Competition, it is at the option of competitors to send in their coupons and solutions week by week, or to keep them and send them all in together at the end of it.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM VI.

Tricks	C	B	D	A
1	♥ J	♥ 3	♥ 2	♥ K
2	♣ 3	♣ 4	♣ 2	♣ K
3	♣ 7	♣ 6	♣ A	♣ 8
4	♦ 6	♦ 2	♦ 5	♦ Q
5	♥ 4	♣ 9	♠ 3	♣ 5
6	♥ 8	♣ Q	♠ 4	♥ 5
7	♥ 9	♣ J	♦ 4	♥ Q
8	♦ 9	♣ 10	♠ 5	♦ K
9	♠ J	♠ 9	♠ 6	♠ Q
10				♠ A
11				♠ K
12				♠ 10
13				♠ 8

OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION

A FIRST PRIZE OF £25

And Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each for Playing Out a Rubber

The First Prize of £25 in cash will be given for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of the rubber. There will be, moreover, ten Consolation Prizes of one guinea each, for the next best solutions.

The Fourth Hand

In the present number the fourth hand of the rubber is offered for solution. Eight hands in all will be given, one hand each week. Solutions may be sent in each week, or kept till the closing date is announced.

Competitors should read the rules very carefully.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and, when the closing date is announced, enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solution; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

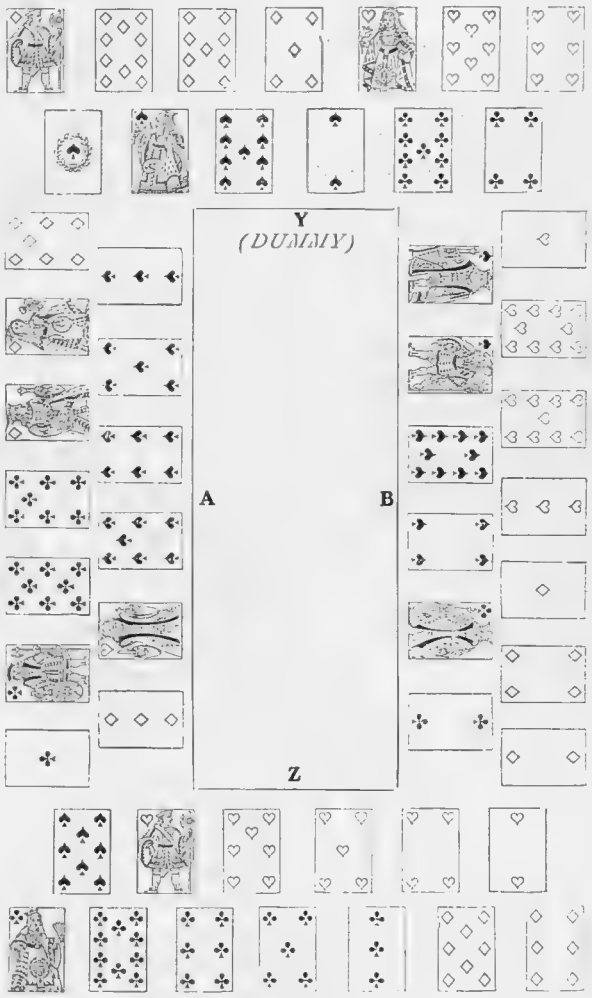
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

Coupon IV.

Hand IV.



Z deals.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

This competition began in our issue of Wednesday, January 6. Competitors may join any week by obtaining back numbers of "The Bystander."

The LIBRARY

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars." By Thomas Hardy. This is the first part of a drama to be completed in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes! (Macmillan: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Life of Edward Fitzgerald." By Thomas Wright. Illustrated. (Grant Richards: 24*s.* net.)

"Impressions of Japan." By G. H. Rittner. Illustrated. (Murray: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Phœbe in Fetters." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. (Murray: 6*s.*)

"Four Red Roses." By Sarah Tytler. John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Lady of the Island." By Guy Boothby. Illustrated. (John Long: 5*s.*)

The Mary Stuart of Denmark

"A Queen of Tears." By W. H. Wilkins, F.S.A. 2 vols. (Longmans. London: 1904.)

Those who have read with enjoyment Mr. Wilkins's former book, "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," will owe him a further debt as author of that excellent work, since it was while collecting material for the latter that he formed the idea of writing the life history of Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and Queen Consort of Christian VII. of Denmark.

Mr. Wilkins is nothing if not methodical, and starts with a sketch of the family histories of the English princess and her royal husband. Matilda was born in 1751, after the death of her father, Frederick, Prince of Wales; her early years were spent in strict retirement, for her mother, Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, was a woman of puritanical principles, and avoided the corrupt Court of George II. The accession of George III. made little difference to his sister's life, for Augusta ruled her children with a rod of iron, the King, until his marriage, not excepted. Christian of Denmark, also, was brought up in seclusion, but without any of the benefits of family life. His own mother, Louise, daughter of George II., died when he was in his third year; his stepmother, Juliana Maria, was jealous of him, and he was handed over to the care of Reventlow, "a Danish noble of the most reactionary and barbarous type," who treated the child with almost incredible harshness. The betrothal of the Prince and Princess, which took place when Matilda was but thirteen and Christian two years older, was greeted with great satisfaction by all except the two parties concerned. "Denmark was then a much more important country than it is now. Norway had not broken away from the union, and Denmark had not been robbed of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein by Prussia." Besides this, it was hoped in England that the ascendancy of France at the Court of Denmark would be successfully combated. In Denmark the alliance was

From "A Queen of Tears

Queen Matilda and her Son, the Crown Prince of Denmark

extremely popular; the late Queen Louise had been beloved by all, so much so that it was said, "The English send us not Queens, but Angels." The marriage was purely political; Matilda was averse to leaving the home she loved for a cousin she had never seen; Christian, whose mind was never well-balanced, was already beginning to neglect the responsibilities of his position, and, under the leadership of his disreputable favourites, to indulge in a life of libertinism which eventually reduced him to a state of imbecility.

He soon wearied of his consort, and the breach between them was widened through the influence of Madame de Plessen, in whose charge the young queen was placed, and who insisted on maintaining, to the full, the rigid court etiquette which the King found so galling. Even the dismissal of this lady did not mend matters. The Queen had grown fond of her, and her guidance was indispensable to one so inexperienced in court intrigue, both political and otherwise, as Matilda. Neglected and insulted by her husband, surrounded by those she disliked, and with no one to whom she could look for advice, it is not surprising that the unfortunate young Queen fell a victim to the influence which was destined to ruin her life.

John Frederick Struensee had, until 1878, been an obscure physician at Altona; in that year he obtained the post of travelling physician to the King on the occasion of the latter's visit to England, and in less than three years he was the actual ruler of Denmark. In him a striking personality, great ability, and unbounded energy and ambition, were combined with an unscrupulousness which led him to neglect no means by which he could rise to the power he coveted. He "had no sense of morality; he was a law unto himself." The Queen succumbed entirely to his influence; the King's intellect had by now given way, the high offices of state were filled with Struensee's own adherents, and the humble physician became dictator.

His fall was as rapid as his rise; he alienated the nobles by dissolving the Council of State, the clergy by abolishing the Church festivals, the Army by disbanding the foot-guards. In addition, the Queen fell into popular disfavour; for her intrigue with a man of low birth, and a foreigner, had disgusted people of all classes. The malcontents rallied round the Queen Dowager, who had always hated Matilda; a traitor was found in the person of Runtzau, one of Struensee's own Ministers; the requisite order was extorted from the King, and the Queen and her evil genius were lodged in prison. After a trial which was a mere mockery, Struensee was executed with all the barbarous accompaniments of the age, and Matilda only escaped a lifelong imprisonment through the magnificent firmness and energy of the English Envoy, Keith, supported, though somewhat late in the day, by an ultimatum from George III. Such, in brief, are the events with which the book deals; but the intensity of their dramatic interest is by no means the chief feature of the book. The characters of the principal actors are sketched with great sympathy, and the author recognises the undoubted services which Struensee did to Denmark—notably in freeing the Court from the tyranny of the Russian Envoys—as well as the darker picture afforded by his last days, when he tried to save his own life by dragging the Queen's reputation through the mire. Matilda is, of course, the central figure of the book, and the salient points of her character are well indicated: her fondness for good works, whether as girl, Queen, or exile; her tenderness as a mother; the constancy of her love for Struensee, which was unshaken by his despicable treachery at the last, are all indicated with great vividness. At the same time, the political intrigues which underlie the whole of the sad story are explained with considerable skill and lucidity. The list of authorities, published in the form of an appendix to the second volume, bears witness to the labour involved in the preparation of a work of this character; while the historical value of the book is amply demonstrated by the fact that many of the documents are here published for the first time. Since these latter consist mainly of contemporary despatches between the English Court and its envoys in Denmark, it is obvious that Mr. Wilkins's work is a distinct addition to European history.

T. A. J

Books to Appear Shortly

Sarah Jennings, the imperious wife of the great Duke of Marlborough, has already had more than one biographer, and now another has been found in one of her descendants, Mr. Arthur Colville. The new "life" is to be entitled "Duchess Sarah," and will practically amount to a social history of England during the eventful years in which she lived. It is too much, perhaps, to say that but for Sarah Jennings John Churchill would never have become Duke of Marlborough; but there is no doubt that his marriage was one of his first stepping-stones to fame. Unfortunately, Sarah Jennings was as remarkable for her pugnacity and bad temper as for her beauty, though John Churchill, who fell in love with her when she was only sixteen and ten years his junior, seems to have retained that love to the end. It has always been a disputed point as to how far she returned his affection; perhaps the coming volumes, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press, will throw some fresh light on the subject.

Much of the same period is covered by "The Chronicles of an Old Campaigner" (1692-1717), translated by Mr. Walter Horsley from the memoirs of a French soldier of fortune, who rose to be a major-general in the service of the Elector of Bavaria. The author, M. De La Colonie, fought in several of Marlborough's battles—though on the opposite side—and in many other actions in the war of the Spanish succession and the final repulse of the Turkish invasion of Europe by Prince Eugène. M. De La Colonie makes no attempt at fine writing in the narrative of his adventures and combats, published originally in Holland immediately after his retirement,

and long since all but lost sight of; but his plain-spoken descriptions will appeal to all who appreciate the picturesque side of the war, which Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim helped to immortalise. Mr. Murray will publish the translation.

Mr. H. G. Wells, apparently, is not the only novelist who can introduce scientific anticipations into his books, for Mr. Robert Barr has a volume of dramatic love stories in hand, in most of which electricity, in its latest developments, is made to play a part. Hence the title, "The Lady Electra." One of the stories deals with wireless telephony, which the author expects will be invented by the time the book is published. This will be in the early spring, through Messrs. Methuen.

Mrs. Craigie's spring novel will be "The Vineyard," to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin in his "Red Cloth Library." This is a story of life in an English provincial town, and the love interest brings out all the subtlety of insight which the former works of "John Oliver Hobbes" have shown her to possess.

Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff is only giving us another taste of his diary in the two further volumes of "Notes" which he has in the press. The diary itself has been privately printed for some years past, and should prove invaluable to future historians; for, although Sir Mountstuart has not taken a very prominent part in public affairs since his governorship of Madras, he has known almost everybody who has been worth knowing in connection with English affairs during the last half century. For thirty years he had a seat in the House of Commons taking a special interest in Indian affairs as a sort of heritage from his father, who was an Indian soldier and diplomatist. In his two new volumes he has made a selection of notes on the same lines as those of the six former series, dealing almost entirely with the lighter side of life.

The "History of the Royal Academy and its Members, from 1768-1820," recently announced as by the late J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Mr. F. A. Eaton, the secretary of the Royal Academy, is presumably the same history of the Royal Academy during the eighteenth century contributed by these writers to the *Art Journal* twenty years ago. It is now to be published in book form, with portraits, by Mr. Murray. John Evan Hodgson, it may be remembered, acted as librarian of the Royal Academy from 1882 until his death in 1895.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Joseph Conrad

The fact that Mr. Joseph Conrad paid one of his rare visits to London the other day is another reminder that nearly all our best writers live and work in the country. Mr. Conrad is certainly to be numbered with the comparatively small band of living novelists whose work contains unmistakable elements of greatness. He is, in some ways, the most remarkable figure in the world of letters, as there is no contemporary author who excels him in the perfection of his English, and yet ours is a foreign tongue to Mr. Conrad, who is a native of Poland. He was born forty-seven years ago, in a southern province of that down-trodden country. His father, who was celebrated both as a critic and poet, was exiled by the Russian Government about the time of the Polish rising in 1862, his offence having been the editing of a patriotic review, published at Warsaw. Mr. Conrad's mother also fell a victim to Muscovite persecution, and was exiled to Siberia, where she died. Thus, torn from his parents, the lad was educated at Cracow, and early in his life he seems to have conceived a great love of the sea, which brought him westward, intent on entering the English merchant service. His early experiences were obtained in trading vessels on the east coast, and here he began, in what one might consider the most unlikely school, to make acquaintance with the mysteries of the English language.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Joseph Conrad

The Sea in English Literature

One has frequently heard it stated that, although there is no country in the world so closely wedded to the sea, England has produced very few writers of eminence

whose work has been directly inspired by the sea. The accusation is by no means unjust, for, although we have Mr. Kipling, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Louis Becke, and Mr. Clark Russell, not one of them has the brine in his blood in a measure comparable with its presence in Mr. Joseph Conrad. Even Stevenson, for all the verve with which he wrote of the sea, was ever the landsman trying to catch something of its mystery and never fully interpreting it to his fellows. The other writers I have named are all excellent, but none of them are elemental, as Mr. Conrad is, or M. Pierre Loti. Mr. Bullen, if he had had the good gift of the essential artist, might have rivalled Mr. Conrad, as his seafaring experiences were quite as varied and intimate as the latter's. Mr. Conrad had become a master-mariner twenty years ago, and at the same time he was naturalised as a British subject; for five or six years more he commanded ships in the Eastern seas and in the Pacific, but in 1890 he passed a good deal of his time in London and in visiting his native Poland. It was then that he began his first book, "Almayer's Folly," a story of the Malayan Archipelago; but he had laid it aside to go out on a voyage of curiosity to the Congo Free State, from which he returned so broken in health that, after two years more, he had to renounce the sea and settle down to the finishing of his novel which, appearing in 1895, had an immediate and lasting success. Mr. Conrad has produced seven more works since then, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor is to be congratulated on having secured his latest novel, as it is not too much to say that a new book by Mr. Conrad is a literary event of the first importance. The novelist, like all who have "followed the sea," has settled down on shore within near hail of old ocean: he occupies a farm at Stanford, near Hythe.

Mr. Walter Emanuel

A Rising Star

Perhaps one ought to speak of Mr. John Oxenham as a risen star, for there is little doubt that he is at present the most discussed author in literary circles. His work cannot be said to strike "a new note," but it is eminently masculine, and discloses a novelist who has remarkable insight into character, combined with a fine feeling for style and atmosphere, as well as the primal gift of the novelist: the ability to tell a story. "Barbe of Grand Bayou," his latest story, is having a great and well-deserved success, the heroine being one of the most engaging figures I have encountered in recent fiction. Mr. Oxenham's rise to fame has been steady as it has been swift. It is not yet six years since his first book, "God's Prisoner," was published, and what must be to him a pleasant feature of his success is the fact that he has never been the subject of a "boom." Each of the eight books he has published since then has steadily enhanced his reputation on its own merits. His success is the more remarkable, as he seems to have spent his life up till 1898—and he is now in his prime—without discovering his literary gifts. I had been given to understand that the name, John Oxenham was a *nom de plume*, but, if so, its user is bent on preserving his incognito, as no second name appears against his entry in "Who's Who," from which authority I gather that he is a Lancashire man, and has lived for some years in France and in America.

On the Staff of "Punch"

I was reading somewhere, the other day, the report of a lecture, which went to show that the Jewish race is deficient in humour, although it was suggested that some of the old Hebrew prophets were highly endowed with that faculty. Whatever may be the lack of humour in foreign Jews, I am persuaded that, among Englishmen who adhere to the ancient faith, it is to be found in abundance, and one has only to mention the name of perhaps the wittiest writer of our time to prove a case —Mr. Israel Zangwill. A compatriot of Mr. Zangwill's is bidding fair to achieve a great reputation as a humorist, and I am sure that my readers will be pleased to have a portrait of Mr. Walter Emanuel, whose "Charivaria" has been delighting the patrons of *Punch* for the last eighteen months. Three years ago he published his first book, "'Me' and Some others," which contains a great deal of excellent fooling. He is particularly happy in parody or burlesque, his travesty of a well-known feature of the *Telegraph*, under the heading, "By the Silly Sea," being an admirable example of the art. "A Dog Day," which Mr Emanuel wrote, and Mr. Cecil Aldin illustrated, and "People: Some Nasty Remarks," wherein he had the co-operation of Mr. Hassal's pencil, are two of his books that have been widely circulated. The success of the former has led Mr. Heinemann to commission "another of the same," in which the life of a dog will be comically treated.

J. A. H.

The Tragic Story of Jenny Spinner's Tail-Fly

1. *Jenny asked me to go trout-fishing with her. In a weak moment I consented. We start off.*

2. *She succeeds in throwing her flies into a tree, and insists on me climbing up to disentangle the cast, as she would not lose her tail-fly for £5. I manage to free the flies, but in getting back, the branch on which I was standing breaks. However, I reach the ground in safety.*

4. *There was nothing for it but to accede to her outrageous proposal. I succeeded in getting the fish and her confounded tail-fly. Was getting back nicely, when my foot slipped, and, being an indifferent swimmer, I was carried down the river. I lose the trout, and get entangled in the flies, so she had to play me down stream.*

3. *Her second throw is more successful. She hooks a fine fish, but plays him badly, and the line gets fouled with an old tree branch in the river. Imagine my astonishment when she proposed that I should get into the river and land the fish.*

5. *Fortunately, there was an old fence across the river, and I manage to scramble out. I get behind a tree to cut her infernal tail-fly out of my clothes. She is overjoyed to get it back safe.*

6. *On the way home I contracted a bad cold, and had to stay indoors for a week. In the future I mean to go out fishing alone.*

"The Movement"

There is much inflated talk just at present of "the movement," and it is, perhaps, a question for consideration as to what this means, or whether there is, in fact, any movement at all, in the sense, say, of the fiscal problem. People do not gather together in large flocks either to discuss the matter or to listen to lectures on the topic. What really happens is that Smith sees Jones skipping about the country in a motor-car, and, after a season, decides, or his wife does, that he should do likewise. Jones tells Smith either that his own particular type of car is the only one in the world worth having at all, or else warns him, in the name of all he holds dear, to avoid it as he would the bubonic plague, and that the one thing he himself ardently desires is to pass it on to someone else ere ruin stares him in the face. There *is* a movement, however, and a pretty decided one, both to import from abroad and to manufacture at home, cars of every conceivable price, quality, and usefulness, together with a few that are, in these connections, inconceivable. The real point seems to be that the public should begin to educate itself generally in the matter, by endeavouring to apprehend what is really suitable for its needs; otherwise there will indeed be a magnificent future in "the movement"—in the repair shops.

Sweetness and Light

While clamouring for simplicity in motor-car practice, it is quite conceivable that even this virtue may be so overdone as to become a vice, and, in our diligent search after the eternal verities, we have stumbled across a very illuminating little article in *Motoring Illustrated*, a most interesting journal, which is full, not only of light, but of a reasonable sweetness as well. The gist of it is—have simplicity in its proper place, viz., in the engine, but do not trouble too much about "single control." It is not a desideratum to have a handle that, moved in one way, steers the car, if moved in another, alters the spark, if waggled up and down three times, changes the gear, and, if put upright in the air, applies the brakes. This way madness lies. Each part should have its own control near at at hand, and the use of it soon becomes second nature to the driver.

"The Swift," a Two-seated Voiturette, which Performed so well in the Club Trials

Mr. Samuel Sharp, the Blind Man who Recently Obtained a Driver's Licence

Professor W. Worby Beaumont

It seems to be an open secret that the remarkable article alluded to in these pages recently, under the initials W.W.B., was by none other than this well-known expert, who has officiated, on occasion, as one of the Automobile Club judges, and so quite a dust is being raised in some of the professional papers in consequence. No one, apparently, attempts to controvert *anything* he has said, but the animadversions are on the "style" which "robs his criticisms of any weight." His matter is well enough; in fact, "there is a great deal of truth in the criticism," but he is so rude as not to reflect on French modern complications with greater meekness. Quite a shame to annoy the French. See how polite they are to us! Another paper considers his remarks to be "absolutely repulsive," and "introduce ultra-Zolaesque unpleasantness." *Isn't* that dreadful? Well, well! evidently the correct thing to do is to neglect the ordinary, the obvious, and the commonplace, and "play up" to the extravagant, the unsound, and even the ridiculous, in motor-car matters. Why should not W. W. B. follow the lead of the present writer and invest in that admirable little volume, "How to become a Journalist for three and sixpence"? His style would then, like mine, be perfectly chaste. Above all, M. le Professeur, when speaking of the French, *toujours la politesse*, or else the English motor Press will give you quite a good hard knock.

The "Swift"

This vehicle did extremely well in the recent club trials, and was the only English two-seated *voiturette* awarded a medal, gaining a total of 8,766 marks. In many ways it is a remarkable little car. Being designed to carry two, there is only accommodation for that number, and no third or emergency seat, which, probably, would be often occupied, has been fitted anywhere, either to overburden engine, springs, or tyres, as is often the custom. There is no gear-box, as such, but the drive is taken by propellor shaft *direct* to the back axle, where is fitted a sort of glorified differential-looking arrangement, which, in effect, provides for two changes of gear and a reverse, which all run in oil while gears are always in mesh. This system is an abandonment of the "Panhard" usual type of "sliding train," of cogged gear wheels, and it offers what is probably the simplest solution of a two-speed gear for a light, unpretentious, and practical carriage. That "it goes" has been amply proved, and there is no sort of reason why it should not wear, especially as the shaft bearings are of phosphor bronze. There is good accomodation for reasonable luggage. The Swift Co. are at hand (and likely to be) to supply any spare parts that may be needed, instead of sending to Belgium or France for them.

Foreign Competition

During the first eleven months of the year just passed away the value of motor cars, motor cycles, and parts amounted to the handly little sum (for taxable purposes) of £1,772,700, representing about 6,000 vehicles. Why not make these ourselves, or some of them? But will the English mechanic work at the same rate of wages as the foreigner? Suppose that foreign cars are found to be always the cheapest. What then?

C. G. Matson.

Hunting

The Puckeridge Hunt

Few packs of hounds whose sphere of influence lies within easy reach of the Metropolis have a longer or more glorious history than the Puckeridge. As long ago as in 1725, Cheshunt was the centre from which much of the country was hunted. In 1799 the present title was definitely adopted, and Mr. Sampson Hanbury, who was actively concerned in the organisation, took over the sole command in 1802. Lord Petre, following him in 1832, reigned for three seasons only, and the same term stands to the credit of Mr. Dalyell, the next in succession. In 1838 commenced the era of Mr. Nicholas Parry, of Little Hadham Place, who had assisted in purchasing Mr. Hanbury's pack for the country, and though, unfortunately, during the six years that intervened before his advent there was a hiatus in the records of hounds, home-bred or otherwise acquired, from that time the pedigree and age of every hound was diligently registered. Mr. Parry spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring the best blood for his kennel, so that, long before his final retirement, in 1875, his hounds had earned a well-merited renown for stoutness, and those sterling qualities which are demanded by a severe and cold-scenting country. After 1875 Mr. Robert Gosling hunted the country for ten seasons, having for huntsman, during the latter part of that period, W. Wells, the present huntsman of the Hertfordshire; and then came a change, it being found impossible to hunt the whole country from a remote corner of it.

More Recent History

From 1885 to 1894 the original pack, though somewhat reduced in numbers, hunted the borderland of Herts and Essex, while the northern and western regions were covered by a new pack, formed by Mr. F. Swindell, now of the Hursley, and it is with the descendants of these hounds, which from their inception showed great sport, that Mr. E. E. Barclay has, since his election to the mastership, in 1896, hunted the country in its entirety with complete success. It should be mentioned that the country was redintegrated in 1894, the process, unhappily, necessitating the dispersal of the original, or eastern, pack, and, though an attempt was made to retain, by purchase or otherwise, the old blood, the Parry strain may almost be said to be extinct, as far as its old locality is concerned.

With the Puckeridge Foxhounds: A Meet at the "Coach and Horses," at Newport

In the Field with the Puckeridge Pack: The Master at the Covert Side with Hounds

Another Portrait of the Master of the Puckeridge Foxhounds: Mr. E. E. Barclay

The Puckeridge Hunt: The Huntsman, Whip, and Pack on the Roadside at Newport

Though Mr. Swindell's pack remained in the kennels of the reunited hunt, the season of 1894-5 saw rather a miscellaneous, if efficient, pack in the field, the increased area of operations demanding considerable additions from various sources, such as a strong contingent of bitches from the Exmoor Foxhounds, and drafts from Lord Fitzwilliam and elsewhere. The value of the raw material has, however, since been demonstrated by Mr. Barclay, who, following the policy of using Belvoir sires almost exclusively, has been able to introduce into the kennel a uniformity which many masters of more fashionable countries might well envy.

Its Present Circumstances

Absolute immunity from occasional visitations of misfortune is, perhaps, too much to expect in all concerns sublunary, and, though blessed in all other respects, the Puckeridge country has been for some years labouring under the scourge of mange, which has persistently affected and scarcely less than decimated its foxes. Matters have, however, shown a decided improvement during the current season, and it is, without being over-sanguine, anticipated that a clean bill of health will be attained before next year. As for the sport, the dictum that hounds never run so well as when the ploughed lands

The Puckeridge Pack: Off to Draw

The Puckeridge Hunt: In Shortgrove Park

have been thoroughly saturated has, so far, not been verified, for, doubtless owing to the fickleness of the weather, scent has not served at all satisfactorily. Still, both the master, with his dog hounds, and Cockayne, who hunts the bitch pack, have been able to keep the ball rolling merrily enough in every part of the country, which, though varying slightly in some districts, consists mainly of arable land. Perhaps, the best gallops have, as yet, emanated from the chain of fair-sized woodlands in the middle of the hunt, just north of Mr. Barclay's residence and kennels at Brent Pelham; but the best country, from a riding point of view, is on the Essex side, generally hunted on Mondays, where the fields are large and ditches to match, though good, holding coverts are none too plentiful. L. J. B.

The Puckeridge Hunt: A Lady Takes a Brook in Fine Style

The Result of Five Hours' Fishing in British Columbia

Fishing

Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting make
Within one valley a large silver lake;
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood
In ages passed, bravely crowned with wood;
Which, lending cold, sweet shadows, gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing-place.

Lake Vyrnwy and Its Trout

These lines, written about 1615 by that erratic genius, George Wither, are from his description of that once famous pike water, Alresford Pond, which was near his home in Hampshire. They more faithfully describe the largest, and one of the most beautiful lakes in Wales, Lake Vyrnwy, which only came into existence a few years ago. By throwing a majestic dam, hewn out of its native rock, across the valley of that lovely little trout stream, the Vyrnwy, its waters, and those of two or three other "pretty rills," were in great part locked in for more than a year, until they made that "large silver lake" which supplies Liverpool with water. My friend, Mr. David Pine, who took the photographs of views on Lake Vyrnwy given with these notes, fishes the lake regularly every March, and often has great sport when there is a show of fly and the weather is right.

Fly-Fishing and Spinning

Lake Vyrnwy (only about 200 miles from Euston) is five miles long, and round it runs twelve miles of good, almost level road, cut in the sides of the hills when the dam was made in the eighties. The upper half of the lake is reserved exclusively for fly-fishing, and I do not know more diversified and enchanting scenery than is to be found here, especially in Eunant Bay, Liyn-Rhv Bay, and Rhiwargorbay, into each of which flows a small stream, from which the bay is named. Resting among hills over 1,000 feet above sea level—with Aran, nearly 3,000 feet not far off to the west, and the Berwyn mountains to the north—it is no wonder that the visitor finds the air bracing and appetising; so different from the relaxing atmosphere of waters near sea level. In fact, I am sure that many English anglers, who go every spring to spin and fly fish for trout in Irish and Scotch lakes, go much further and fare much worse than they would if they tried the fishing of Lake Vyrnwy and the attractions of its most comfortable hotel. It is necessary to arrange for rooms beforehand, but a line to that best of hostesses, Miss Davies, who is monarch of all she surveys as far as fishing and shooting rights go, will be promptly attended to. The lake fishing, reserved entirely for visitors to the hotel, is done from boats, and often every boat is engaged. The fish fight well and eat well, and a basket will generally contain some over a pound and occasionally over two. In March and April a small black gnat is often on the water, and thousands of fish will come to the surface as if by magic.

Local Flies

Local authorities, such as Simeon Carpenter and his son, have great faith in a small "Black and Teal," a Scotch pattern of fly made with black silk body, with a turn or two of silver twist and teal wings. "Pine's Fancy" is another good pattern for a rough spring day, when, as a rule, three flies are used, fished wet. In the lower half of the lake, where spinning is allowed, there are also excellent drifts for the fly, and to be able, when the fly is in use, to spin a small natural minnow is better sport than getting none at all. I found the dry fly do well where there was any chance with the fly at all, but we were there last June, when the weather was bitterly cold most of the time. The Vyrnwy river below the dam can be fished by visitors to Miss Davies's Hotel, one of the views shows an old footbridge over it. It is a lovely stream, but the fish run very small as a rule. As rainbows have been put into the lake, it is to be hoped they have not taken advantage of the floods of last autumn, and gone over the dam. If they did, the seventy-foot fall must have astonished, if it did not "do for," them entirely.

R. B. M.

Fishing in British Columbia

Perhaps there is no country where one can make such a large catch of fish in a day's angling as in British Columbia. Over 200 rainbow trout have been taken with the fly, by one rod, in less than eight hours' fishing, from a boat on a shallow lake. In deep-water lakes the fish is slow to rise, but will take a spoon freely. The sport is not the same as in the case of river fishing, yet the fish is as gamey as any that ever tested the fisherman's skill. The accompanying photograph shows some 70 rainbow trout caught, in five hours' fly-fishing, in a lake within a few miles of that wonderful institution, the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Where the Cedy falls into the Lake

Carpenter, one of the Lake Vyrnwy Fishermen

Part of the Great Dam, Lake Vyrnwy

Old Bridge over Vyrnwy River, below Lake

Evnant Bay, a Favourite Fly-water

Boat Bridge, Lake Vyrnwy

VIEWS ON LAKE VYRNWY, NORTH WALES; A SPLENDID PIECE OF FISHING WATER

Grass Banks

One of the ugliest and, unfortunately, one of the commonest sights in a garden is a steep embankment of mown turf, with nothing to relieve its hard monotony. It is almost universal where a level stretch of grass for a croquet or tennis lawn is wanted in ground that is sloping, and at first sight there would seem to be no means of avoiding it. But there are many, and, as a matter of fact, a slope of any extent is a valuable possession where gardening is properly understood and carried out, and need not, by any means, be regarded in the light of a necessary evil. When the ugly stiff bank exists, and cannot, for some reason, be altered, relief to the eye would be given by filling the space with spring-flowering bulbs, allowing the grass to grow on into the summer, instead of cutting it with the rest, and, if it were not too steep, there are many shrubs of creeping habit, herbs, hardy tree-growing flowers, and, in shady situations, ferns, which might gradually dispossess the turf. I have seen a long stretch of steepish bank holding up a tennis lawn, planted with thrift. For binding purposes this was every bit as good as turf, and a great improvement on it for beauty. Where stones can be procured, these ugly banks might be transformed into a simple kind of rock garden for growing Alpines of the hardier sorts—not crowded up with a heterogeneous collection of rocks and flints, but showing the stones here and there, and the rest of the space filled with suitable soil. This would give opportunities for rough stone steps between the different levels, which would be far better than the wooden ladders now so much in use.

Banks of Roses

If the level lawn is under construction, and not a *fait accompli*, it would be as well to consider carefully the possibilities of the ground, and make plans accordingly, so as to get something as far as possible from the rectangular, turfed banks. If the configuration of the ground does not require any great excavation or embankment to give the necessary stretch of level lawn, the slopes might be made more easy than is customary, and, therefore, more natural. If a bank of considerable size is gained, one of the best possible ways of treating it would be to plant it with creeping Wichuriana Roses, which will cover it in a short time with their rambling masses of living green and their abundant flowers. These roses want

Photo by **A Pretty Vista of Garden at Carfin Hall, Crossford, Lanarkshire** *Reid*

Photo by **Glimpse of Carfin Hall, as Seen Across the Gardens** *Reid*

a bank to display their full beauty, although they will cover a flat space equally well, and such an opportunity of providing them with one ought not to be foregone; and how much better a bank of roses than a bank of turf, which, at its best, is kept in order with difficulty, and would be more in keeping at the side of a railway than in an English garden, where everything should be beautiful!

Retaining Walls

When the slope of the ground is steep, in the first place, one sometimes sees banks almost perpendicular and of a considerable height. It may not always be possible in such cases to afford the space necessary to slope off the ground more gently, but there is a better way still, for the higher ground can be supported by an unmortared stone wall, and the nooks and crannies filled with all sorts of plants, which will delight in such a situation. A dry wall is a feature that most of us would like to have in our gardens somewhere, because of the opportunities it affords, and this is one of the situations where nothing could possibly be better. The stones should be as large as possible, and the face of the wall need not be quite perpendicular. It is better that it should not be, for the rain will soak into its crevices more easily if it slopes ever so slightly. The stones should also be placed sloping a little away from their exposed face for the same reason. Each line, as it is completed, must have its crevices carefully filled with soil—road-grit, if it is procurable, is the best of all—and the space left between the stones and the earth behind must also be filled up, so that there are no hollows anywhere. It is a frequent cause of failure with wall-plants that their roots start in good soil, and then find their way into a hollow, where they have nothing to take hold of and so perish. It must be remembered, too, that many of the most suitable plants for this purpose need surprisingly little soil, but love the contact of the cool stone. There is, therefore, no necessity to place the stones far apart. They can touch one another, and still leave ample room for the soil to be rammed into the crevices left by their irregularities. And, for the same reason, smaller stones should be rammed in behind them. See, too, that the successive layers of stones are laid as a bricklayer lays bricks, so that the vertical divisions do not come one over the other.

Wall Plants

The wall should be planted as it goes up. The roots of the plants can then be spread, but it is always possible to fill up spaces later, and seed can be sown by kneading it into a pill with damp soil and pushing it into a crevice. Many wall plants will spread from space to space, and many will seed themselves. The choice is so great that the temptation will be to plant too great a variety; but it is a temptation that must be resisted, for a sheet of one, or at the most two, or three, colours, will be far more effective than a spotty collection of miscellaneous plants, however beautiful in themselves.

Note to Garden Lovers

The Editor will be pleased to consider photographs of gardens in Great Britain submitted for his approval, with a view to their reproduction in The Bystander. *The names of the gardens, their owners, etc., and other particulars, should be inscribed on the back of each photograph.*

Match Play in the Open Championship

I am very glad to see that the Editor of *Golf Illustrated* approves of the idea of infusing the element of match play into the Open Championship, as suggested by me in THE BYSTANDER of December 30, and commented on by him in his number of the 8th inst. The support of the leading golfing journal is most valuable, and does much towards bringing the matter into the sphere of practical golf politics. I gather, from what the Editor says, that the leading professionals are not averse from the proposed change, provided that the match play be not confined to eighteen holes, but consist of thirty-six holes uniformly for all the ties. This, he says, would necessitate the extension of the duration of the meeting to five days, instead of two, as at present.

Duration of the Meeting Under the roposed New Method

He has, however, overlooked the possibility, a very likely one, of the first day's play resulting in several players returning an equal score for the sixteenth place. Let us suppose that we allow a whole week for the decision of the Championship. The first day would be devoted to a scoring competition over thirty-six holes, and the sixteen players returning the best scores would then compete against each other by match play. But, as has been pointed out to me by one of our best-known secretaries of golf clubs, several players would, in all probability, tie for the sixteenth place. The second day would, therefore, have to be devoted to settling these ties. I would suggest that, in the event of such ties, an eighteen-hole scoring competition should take place on the morning of the second day, leaving the afternoon for the further decision of still more ties resulting from the morning's play. We should then have the decks clear by the end of the second day, on the evening of which the draw for the second stage of the competition would take place. Thus, we should begin the third day with eight matches, and the fourth day with four matches, while the fifth and sixth days would be occupied with the semi-finals and the finals. In the event of no ties occurring on the first day, the competition would only occupy five days.

James Braid

A. Herd

Benefits of the Proposed Reform

Now, it will be asked, "What are the benefits to be gained which shall counterbalance the drawback of extending the duration of the meeting from two to five or six days?" To this, I answer, "Naturally, in the first place, the immense benefit of introducing the match element into the competition." But, apart from this, there are other inducements. One of the great difficulties experienced by club secretaries is that of inducing enough members of the club, or other amateurs attracted to the meeting, to assume the duties of scorers. Most people would welcome the chance of scoring for one of the leading players, but shrink from the weary possibility of having to score for Snooks, of Marsh-in-the-Hole, who is making his first hopeless bid for glory. Even with the present system of elimination at the end of the first day, a scorer may have to walk round on the second day marking for two players who have not the remotest chance of winning, and may thus be debarred from watching the play of the man most likely to win. Under my system this matter of scoring would be reduced for the great majority to one day, and, in the event of ties occurring, many men would willingly score on the second day, as they would not be missing any other important play. On the third and succeeding days there would be no difficulty in getting umpires for each match, as one of the players would necessarily still have a chance of the great prize. Then, again, not more than sixteen professionals need remain at the meeting more than two days; the rest, if they so wished, could return home at once. In any case, I can hardly conceive any club grudging its professional the necessary time for staying through the whole meeting, including the preliminary days necessary for practice.

A Question for the Professional Association.

The whole question, however, must first be thrashed out by the Professional Golfers' Association. Should they look favourably on the idea, it would then be necessary for them to submit some scheme for the consideration of the clubs governing the Open Championship, and then probably some joint committee of the two bodies would have to formulate the new method of deciding the Championship. I do not see why, if practically a whole week is given over to the Amateur Championship, the still more important event of the Open Championship should not also have a week allotted to it. It really resolves itself into a question of £ *s. d.*, and I feel sure that very many supporters of the game would willingly subscribe to a fund for lightening the greater expense entailed by this extension of time on the club on whose course the Championship fell to be decided. The idea requires careful consideration in all its bearings, but I am convinced it is well worthy of it, and I shall be more than satisfied if I have set a small stone rolling in the desired direction towards the consummation of a reform in the Open Championship such as would be welcomed by all supporters of the finest form of golf, the match game.

J. H. Taylor, Putting

A Suggestion for the Editor of "Golf Illustrated"

In conclusion, I would suggest to the Editor of *Golf Illustrated* that he might well start a discussion on this subject, by inviting the leading professionals to favour him with their views on the proposed change, and we should then soon see whether it had any chance of being ratified by the ruling body, to which most of them belong.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mrs. Coates Phillips

A well-known follower of the Garth Foxhounds, and of the South Berks and South Bucks Staghounds

SPORTS and PASTIMES

Mrs. Coates Phillips

That "soft" weather, so obnoxious to the ordinary individual, is peculiarly acceptable to those lucky people who ride to hounds and to whom no day is too long or any fence too difficult. Of such is pretty Mrs. Coates Phillips, an Amazon born with a seat as perfect as her hands are light, disdainful of the spur, which she declares should never be seen in the hunting-field. "A very silly thing to use," she says, "if a horse requires spurring, he is better left alone." An expert's opinion is doubly valuable, and who more able to judge of this much discussed subject—especially in halfpenny papers—than the lady who, when a girl of five, already followed the hunt on her little pony, and who has exemplified, in full measure, that the ways of the child are followed in later years by the adult? Hunting has never lost its attraction for Mrs. Coates Phillips, and at the present time she follows the Garth, and eke the South Berks and South Bucks Staghounds, though her preference lies in the pursuit of the little red rascal. Before her marriage she dwelt in the shires, and her thoughts occasionally turn in fond remembrance of numberless much enjoyed runs towards that happy land where it is so easy to get away with the hounds. Dear to her is her favourite

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Westmeath Foxhounds with their New Master, Mr. H. Whitworth

This pack lately met with an unfortunate accident. The hounds crossed the railway line, and two were killed by a passing train

chestnut hunter, Hussar, who has carried her often and well, who knows not the ignominy of the steel rowel, but gives willingly of his best. Her small daughter is also an excellent little horsewoman, and fully shares her mother's love of the equine. Mrs. Coates Phillips is also very fond of fencing, and takes lessons from the fashionable instructor, Monsieur Volland. She is well known at Kennel Club shows, where she has taken many prizes for her greyhounds and toy terriers, and is also a good hockey player.

Accident to the Westmeath Hounds

The Westmeath Hounds met with a rather unfortunate accident on the day of their Donore meet, at the seat of Sir Walter Vincent. During a nice run, the hounds got on to the railway line, near Multyfarnham, and two were killed by a passing train. Mr. Henry Whitworth, who only took over the mastership this season, is to be sympathised with in his misfortune. Westmeath is a fine country but a bit crabbed, and requires a compact, active horse to get over it. The Earl of Longford and the Hon. E. M. Pakenham were joint masters from 1893 to 1900, when both went to "the war." Sir Gerald R. Dease, the well-known and popular chamberlain at Dublin Castle to several viceroys, was master of the Westmeath from 1861 to 1868. Westmeath Hunt dates from 1854, but, prior to that, private packs had been hunting the country since 1740. This hunt has one unique rule. "Everyone is 'capped,' with the exception of 'ladies, children, farmers, and ministers of religion.'"

Inman Playing a Massé Shot

The Harverson *v.* Inman match at Billiard Hall, on Saturday, Jan. 16, attracted a large attendance. Inman, who received 1,000 start, succeeded in winning a fine match by 735 points

Inman Playing a Run-through Cannon

MATTERS MUSICAL

A Musicians' Club

It is assuredly a sign of the times that a project is now on foot to establish a club—to bear the title of the "Concert-goers' Club"—for amateur and professional musicians. With the scheme I am certainly in sympathy, as London has long wanted a club of this sort, the only musical club I know of at present being the "Oxford and Cambridge," in Leicester-square, and the conditions of admission to this require a man to be a past or present member of one of the two 'Varsities. There are, however, one or two points connected with the scheme which I should like to criticise—in a friendly way, be it understood. Firstly, would it not be wise to keep the club for amateurs only? The opinion of the club would then be more expressive on matters of general musical interest; for the professional musician is often wrapped up in his particular branch of art, and, for many reasons, cannot sometimes give an unbiassed opinion. This leads me to my second point, namely, that there might possibly be a chance of the club being "run" by a particular set of men for the purpose of exploiting certain professionals and discrediting certain critics who disagreed with them. I think I am right in saying that the Playgoers' Club is, to all intents and purposes, an amateur body. However, I wish the new venture every success.

M. Paderewski

Paderewski's Projected Tour

The friends of the great pianist, as well as Paderewski himself, have been much annoyed by the persistent statements in the Press to the effect that he is practically penniless through unfortunate speculation, to which statement colour was lent by the announcement of a new tour. As a matter of fact, the pianist is still a rich man. What really happened is simply that he sold some land he had acquired in Warsaw at a less price than it cost him. And now he is to undertake a long tour, which will include India, Japan, and Australia. I wonder, by the way, that Paderewski has not attained greater recognition as a composer. He has some beautiful songs, and there are pianoforte works of his that deserve attention far more than the famous "Minuet." What I heard of his opera, *Manru*, at the Crystal Palace, some ten years ago, impressed me me very favourably, also, in particular, an exquisite slumber song. But, then, I always think that, for a virtuoso who trys for fame as a composer, it is a case of the rich man and the Kingdom of Heaven.

Folk-Song Lore

We are hearing a good deal about folk-songs lately. Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland of the *Times* is giving a most interesting course of lectures on the subject at the Royal Institution, and Mr. Cecil Sharp has also been busy lately in the country, discovering fresh stores of the old melodies. It is a curious fact that in this country composers have taken very little account of what folk-melodies we possess, while on the Continent some of the best of the modern art has been produced by its use, direct or indirect. Of course, Grieg is the great example usually quoted; but Tschaikowsky made enormous use of Russian traditional melodies, and Liszt and Dvorák those of Hungary. Even Wagner was not above using folk-song, for the principal subject of the "Siegfried Idyll" is based upon an old German slumber-song.

An American Pianist

The musical *début* of last week was that of Mr. William Becker, an American pianist, who gave a recital on Tuesday afternoon at Bechstein Hall. Although his playing was rather unequal, Mr. Becker displayed some fine musicianship at times. His reading of the Rondo from the *Waldstein* Sonata I thought very good indeed. In the Chopin group I did not care for his readings, which seemed to me too robust and a trifle wooden. I must except from this, however, the C sharp minor Valse, which was beautifully played. The final group of pieces contained a barcarolle by the pianist himself, a pleasing if not very original work—and Rubinstein's Staccato Study, which Mr. Becker played very finely.

H. J. C.

In this photograph of the two teams Mrs. Manners (Mme Fanny Moody) is shown in the centre.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY v. MOODY-MANNERS A.F.C.

Contest for a Challenge Cup

Mr. Charles Manners, who is as keen a sportsman as a finished *artiste*, during his three weeks' visit to Dublin, presented a cup, which he wished his company to defend against any Dublin Association Football team, Dublin University, of the challenging ams, was selected for the contest, and the game took place in the College Park, on Friday, January 15, before a large crowd, Mrs. Manners (Madame Fanny Moody) kicking off, amid cheers. The game proved rather a one-sided affair, as Dublin University had all the game, and won by 7 to 1, thus becoming holders of the cup.

Godshill Church, near Ventnor, which was struck by lightning during a recent storm: the clock face was wrenched off and fell into the graveyard, and several windows were broken.

PARISIANA :

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

Through the Window

Again and again have I watched the Parisian who attaches but small importance to the window-curtain. Watched him from my own window: watched him from the street: watched him from the terrace of a *café*; and watched him by day and watched him by night. The summer is the best season for such vigils: particularly those stifling hours when the window is thrown wide open and the Parisian *en déshabille* is sponging his forehead, or lying prostrate on a long chair, or fanning himself with his handkerchief, or mixing himself a cool drink. The whole world may see him—but he cares not. You may witness his every movement, and by those movements you know precisely how he feels. He is hot, and unhappy. His temper has mounted with the thermometer, and so he is both indignant and fierce. You can almost hear him groan and curse; you know he is alluding to the tropics, to the equator, when his wife approaches his chair and pats him soothingly on the shoulder. Admirable wife, who is also hot, but who is a philosopher! She is saying, "Don't fret, or you will feel worse." He vows he couldn't feel worse. "*Si, si,*" she replies gently, "if you fret you will feel worse." And that exasperates him. And that provokes him to call Madame "unsympathetic" and obstinate. And that rouses him from his chair; and sends him walking to and fro; and sets him angrily declaring that he ought to know his own sensations, his own body, and whether it is possible to feel worse or not.

At such a time everyone is at the window or on the balcony. Head after head, shoulder after shoulder; all along the street, someone at the window. And everyone *en déshabille*, and not a soul who objects to being watched. Many, it is true, have brought chairs on to the pavement, and sit motionless, exhausted. Others are on the terraces of the *cafés*, on benches, in the public gardens, also motionless and exhausted, patiently awaiting the breeze that never comes. But at the present moment I am only concerned with windows; and even in the winter, I am able to keep my inquisitive vigils. For instance, through this curtainless window, I may witness a game of cards played by four stout gentlemen and three stout ladies. They gesticulate. One stout gentleman rises emphatically to affirm something. All seven gesticulate and talk. A quarrel, a quarrel! After infinite discussion the seven players agree to begin the game all over again. Then, through another window, I see two hands—no more—strangely in the air—bobbing up and down, vanishing, then reappearing. Only two hands, nothing more! Only two hands until, after much peering, I am able to perceive that those two hands belong to a thin, melancholy young gentleman who is playing the piano. Then, in a fifth floor room, someone bent over a book—a student? And this student reminds me of a neighbour—a shabby, superannuated sage—who lights his lamp regularly at four o'clock every morning, and writes on and on until daylight. Some great philosophical work, the joy and pride of his life? Some great philosophical work, which will remain unfinished or—unpublished?

A clerk, some little *employé*, who is going forth to spend the evening in a music hall, or with friends: a clerk in his shirtsleeves, who is carefully parting his hair; is carefully knotting his tie; is carefully, is tenderly, withdrawing from a large cardboard box his best coat and waistcoat, which, after a severe brushing, he dons. Then does my clerk admire himself in the glass: a jerk of the tie, a pull at the coat; then out goes the light, and away goes the clerk. On the loftiest floor of all, two pots of bulbs on the window-sill. And the bulbs belong to a thin, faded, elderly lady—the friendless spinster, the *vieille fille*. And every morning and every night she has something to do to those bulbs; and when the nightly attention has been paid, the faded woman seats herself at her window, and falls into a reverie: of what, of whom, is she thinking?

Now, a mean street; and dishevelled heads at, or rather out of, the window. A chilly afternoon—but the dishevelled women and the unshaven men all stare into the street. Stare at what? Not much to stare at: a cat or two, a barrow of vegetables, scraggy children, a dim little grocer's, a grimy wine-shop. Never do the inhabitants of the street exchange pleasantries from their windows. Their eyes follow the occasional passers-by up and down the street, then fall again upon the vegetables, the children. However, they seem contented and happy enough at their windows. Contented and happy, also is a small boy, who, on Sunday afternoon, is evidently told by his parents to "amuse" himself at the window. I have seen him there for two hours at a time. What does he do? The small boy makes patterns on the dusty window pane, and, if he catch me watching him, he grimaces. Awful grimaces. Diabolical grimaces. Still, it is his holiday, and he is lonely; and as he enjoys "making faces" at me, I would not for the world rob him of this very harmless amusement by withdrawing from my window.

Finally, a romance. He and she often watch one another from their respective windows. He, a *petit employé*; she, a milliner. Someone sends her flowers anonymously; but she guesses that they have come from the admirer opposite. Smiles, I suppose. At all events, encouragement. For they walk in the Luxembourg Gardens together; and together they stand before M. le. Maire; and together, very close together, they look out of their one window.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

The Connoisseur.

New Silver and Antique Designs

Advantages of Depreciation

For the cultured lover of the beautiful who does not happen to be in the India Service there are considerable compensations for the heavy depreciation in the value of silver. Among the greatest of these is the fact that the most admirable classic designs can be reproduced at a fairly modest price in a metal worthy of the fine original work. For example, two of our illustrations show a cup and bowl, the originals of which were brought to light by the excavations at Bœotia, north-east of Athens. Bœotian things. Many varieties of this class of pottery, which lends itself excellently to reproduction by the silversmith, have been found in the ruined city of Mycenæ, of the ancient Kingdom of Argos. The Ruskin excavations at Ialysos, in Rhodes, alone produced a considerable number of specimens, decorated with geometric arrangements, and patterns based on marine and vegetable forms. These designs, however, are surpassed by the graceful Kylix which is copied in silver from the "white" vase found at Athens. The original piece of pottery is signed, as worthily it might be, by the maker, Sotades; the date is B.C. 500.

Bowl of Mycenæan Style, 7th Century, B.C

A Tazza from the Vatican

"Fire of London" Cup

Cup of Mycenæan Pattern

The Ardagh Celtic Chalice, probably 10th Century

Roman Gold Jug, 4th Century B.C.

Ancient Etruscan Brazier

Mycenæan Designs

They were, of course, of pottery, and are said to exhibit a high stage of ceramic skill. They belong to the seventh century B.C., and their simple, strong design and well-considered decoration would seem to refute the proverbial dulness and stupidity of

Etruscan Things

If among all the riches of antiquity—the grand simplicity of Egypt, the delicate and stately charm of Greece, the glories that were Rome—one may be eclectic and choose a favourite people, we should name those old enemies, and masters, and

Interior of an Old Dutch Farmhouse

servants of Rome, the gifted artists of Etruria, whose long struggle against their all-conquering neighbour ended in the battles of Vadimonian Lake. As artists they were, truly, the sons of Greece, but more coloured with Orientalism, and possessing an individuality, also, which is recorded again and again in their remains generally, in their decoration of sarcophagi, and their cutting of gems. The design we give is a copy in silver of an ancient bronze brazier found in the famous Polledrara tomb, near Vulci. The date has been fixed as not earlier than the Egyptian king, Psammetichus I. — 656-611 B.C.— from the fact that his name appears on a porcelain scarab found, with many other antiquities, within the tomb. The Etruscan bronzes, discovered in the sarcophagi, are usually so slight and thin that it is obvious they were produced as a kind of stage property for the vast ceremonies of a great funeral, and not for daily use. But, fortunately, this does not prevent them from being reproduced in a solid form, such as is now presented in silver from the bronze original. Messrs. Heming, of Conduit-street,

who have skilfully made, by handiwork, all the examples we show on these pages, are, it seems to us, doing an excellent work in the cause of art by thus spreading the taste for designs of marked value. There are other Etruscan pieces of which we could wish they would give us facsimiles.

Aphrodité of the Strigil

There is, for example, that wonderful little figure of Aphrodité, which forms the handle of the graceful strigil from Praeneste. How beautiful a copy in silver—the original is of the same metal—would be, is quickly proved by a view of the strigil itself at the British Museum. After Athens and Etruria, the gold jug of Rome happens to present rather a commonplace appearance. The original was part of the haul of treasure from the River Oxus. It is of Bactrian art, and dates from the fourth century, B.C.

The Oldest Piece of Church Plate in Existence

The Ardagh cup, or chalice, leads us at a bound from antiquity to the tenth century. The original was found at Ardagh, County Limerick, in 1868. The filigree ornament is considered to be in the best style of Celtic work, and it is thought to be the oldest piece of Christian church plate in existence. From Celtic design of, probably the tenth century, it is a far cry to an Italian design, taken from a *tazza* in the Vatican. It will greatly please those who are the slaves of the taste of the Italian Renaissance in goldsmiths' work. "The Fire of London Cup," as the centre-piece is called, is of more historic interest than æsthetic value, but still it presents a fairly good example of its by no means inartistic period in England. The original was presented, in 1666, to Joseph Watte, for conspicuous bravery at the Great Fire. E. M.

ART NOTES

A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR THE VETERAN PAINTER, JOSEF ISRAELS, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

Lovers of art all over Europe will unite in wishing well to Josef Israels, who to-day celebrates his eightieth birthday. His countryman, Matthew Maris, whose hauntingly beautiful "Souvenir of Amsterdam" is in the "International" exhibition, has said that what Israels has accomplished in picture is far more difficult than that which James Maris achieved, and he, surely, is a judge. Though it cannot be denied that Israels has produced many "pot-boilers" in which the anecdotal and the sentimental elements predominate, at his best he is a true artist. A pleasant surprise is to-day in store for him. By way of acknowledging some of the æsthetic pleasure evoked by his works, a number of Israels's admirers—collectors, connoisseurs, writers, and others—have, within the past few weeks, got together a considerable sum of money, which, to-day, will be presented to the veteran painter in order, if he approves, that he may found an Israels scholarship, or, in some such way, stimulate the study of art in his native country, Holland. Mr. J. Staat Forbes has, as a relaxation from railway management, brought together one of the finest private collections of modern pictures in this country. He possesses many examples by Israels, forty or thereabouts, among them, if we mistake not, "Through Darkness to Light," and the smaller, sadder, "Evening Before Parting." Mr. Forbes, Mr. Alexander Young, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. J. C. Drücker—a prime mover in the scheme, so far as this country is concerned—are among the prominent contributors.

Josef Israels was born at Groningen, a commercial town in the north of Holland, on January 27, 1824. Eager to be a rabbi—for, of course, he is a Jew—as a youth, he studied Hebrew and buried himself in the Talmud. Schooling finished, he entered the small banking house of his father, and curious to note, often went with a money-bag beneath his arm to the neighbouring banking house of Herr Mesdag, whose son, H. W. Mesdag, the well-known marine painter, is now a neighbour of Israels at The Hague. At twenty, however, Israels entered the studio of Kruseman, in Amsterdam; but it was rather the narrow, picturesque streets and alleys of the ghetto than the academic instruction of Kruseman that later influenced him. He has been called the Millet of Holland—in part, because he interprets the joys and sorrows of peasant life, although not with the earth-greatness of the Barbizon painter; in part, perhaps, for such trivial reasons often count, because he entered the atelier of Paul Delaroche, in Paris, immediately after Millet had quitted it. In 1848, having starved, studied in the Louvre, and seen how great painting was carried on in France, he returned to Holland, taking a room in Amsterdam. Israels "found himself," however, as the result of an illness, which compelled him to seek health in country places. He settled at Zandvoort, near Haarlem, then a small, practically unknown fishing village, but which, within the last few years, has developed into a fashionable summer resort. Lodging with a ship-carpenter, the beauty of simple things was borne in upon him. From that moment the "historical" picture became for him an impossibility. Cottage interiors, with old men or young mothers; peasants, faring in solemn procession along the sand dunes, within sound of the sea; "A Son of God's People," "Seated in his Doorway": such are among motifs which Israels treats—at his best—with a sobriety, a power, an appreciation for tone and chiaroscuro worthy the country of Rembrandt, to which he belongs. The honour paid him to-day at The Hague will be one of many. In every European country, and in America, where, years ago, his "Fishing Boats off Scheveningen" made a considerable sum, his talent has been recognised. F. R.

Flounces and Fashion

Visiting Dress of Tobacco-coloured Liberty Satin, Pleated with Flounces of Lace of the Same Shade

The tailor-made is to be the subject of my discourse to-day. This ever useful style presents itself in new and becoming guises each winter, spring, summer, and autumn, the question being always how to have something different from the last. All the leading costumiers naturally spend their lives in designing new and becoming skirts and coats, but it is those I have met and dreamt of, and not those that are specially designed, that I would describe to you.

For useful wear, of course, the skirt is short, and an effective costume might be made with graduated box pleats starting quite small at the waist and growing larger towards the knees, and thence loosening to flow in graceful lines round the feet. The particular model I saw was like this, of dark green cloth, while its short sac bolero coat was of the same material, bearing a white waistcoat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and two flat tabs of velvet, one on either shoulder, and one elongating the collar fastened by two gilt buttons bearing in their centre large lady-birds.

The lucky possessor of this costume also informed me that she had one of red serge, the coat being made on similar lines, with a white cloth waistcoat: but, instead of buttons, this bore tiny black braids which hooked on to the opposite side; and the skirt of this was kilted at the sides, leaving a straight panel down the front and a stitched one down the back.

Of long skirts, the most becoming I have seen was made of palest grey corduroy, simply trimmed with two broad bands of stitching round the hem, the coat bearing an inner vest of Chinese embroidery, while, to complete the whole, was a hat of red *moufflon*, trimmed with petunias, and a stole and muff of finest white fox.

Of velvet, again, was a costume of snuff colour, with a blouse-shaped coat and a five-gored skirt, which fastened at the left-hand side, and gracefully swept the ground in a not too long round-shaped train behind.

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true," of velveteen again found expression in a bright rifle shade of green, which was edged and trimmed with moleskin.

As to ordinary coats for wearing with or without their companion skirts, let me implore you absolutely to ignore the guards' coat, custom has so staled its limited variety. I should, in preference, choose a coat made of iron-grey zibeline, with a large astrachan collar, and a lining of squirrel-lock, that I have lately seen. This was three-quarter length, and very warm and useful.

To be commended also, are those skirts we see of authorised clan plaids; and these are specially becoming when made with a skirt of the cloth and a bolero of fur, outlined with the prevalent colour in the skirt, while, if a fur coat for every day be needed, I should advise a sac bolero of broad-tail, with large sleeves inlet with bands of broad Irish lace, of which an edging might well be found disporting itself down the front. And yet again might the self-same coat be made of moleskin or even, if the proposed wearer wish to be economical, of that moleskin-plush which is now being manufactured in such pretty shades of pale grey brown; and which looks its very best when trimmed with ermine.

NITA.

Comfort in Footwear

How few people realise the necessity of wearing really comfortable boots and shoes!

What can be pleasanter than a sharp, brisk walk on a frosty morning in a short skirt and comfortable foot-gear; but those who suffer from tender feet or corns, and I speak from experience, know the misery of walking in tight shoes.

The other day a friend told me of a shop, Daniel Neal and Sons, Ltd., 68 and 70, Edgware-road, where she had procured a pair of the most comfortable shoes for walking. As I have never possessed such a luxury, I determined to see if they could do anything for me. I found their speciality was an anatomical foot-gear for children. I was so interested in it that I quite forgot my errand, and it was not until I had had quite a long talk with Mr. Neal that I mentioned it, and then he assured me that I could obtain immediate relief by wearing a pair of his hygienic boots, which allow the toes perfect freedom, and at the same time do not have an ugly appearance.

Great care should be taken in the choice of children's boots and shoes. The sandal, which has come so much into fashion lately, is a very sensible footgear, especially for quite little children; but when they begin to get a little older, difficulty will sometimes be experienced in making them wear ordinary shoes with comfort. Messrs. Neal have provided the "Fat Foot" shoe, which gives plenty of room for the toes to spread without chafing or pain of any kind. They have a new and invisible process to support and prevent weak insteps, also a specially light and flexible support that can be fixed in ready-made children's boots and shoes at the small cost of 1*s.* 6*d.* per pair.

There were some very dainty evening shoes for ladies at quite low prices; one was the *glacé* lattice shoe, having five bars across the instep. I also noticed some very sensible boots for girls, suitable for school wear, button and lace, varying in price from 6*s.* 11*d.* to 11*s.* 6*d.*

The great mistake of the present day is that people think comfortable boots necessitate ugly ones, but Messrs. Neal show us that such is not the case, for not only do their boots give ease and comfort, but they are pretty and dainty in appearance.

M. H.

The Menu

I hope the *menu* of a ball supper I am giving this week will be of use to those of my readers who have promised to allow the young folks to have a dance before their return to school. Of course, the *menu* can be altered as the hostess thinks best, and one or more dishes left out. As it is, I think it will be found sufficient for 100 guests.

Menu

Turkey à la Royal — Game Pie
Roast Chickens — Roast Pheasants
York Ham — Ox Tongue
Galantine of Veal — Pressed Beef
Oyster Patties. — Salads.
Wine Jellies. — Orange Jellies.
Maraschino Jellies.
Strawberry Creams. — Vanilla Creams.
Italian Creams.
Trifles. — Gipsy Cakes.
Cream Meringues.
Soup.
Claret Cup. Lemonade. Tea. Coffee. Chocolate

VANILLA CREAM

One pint of milk, the yolks of six eggs, 2oz. of castor sugar, 1oz. of isinglass, one teaspoonful of Vanilla. Put the milk and sugar into a stewpan and let it get hot over a slow fire. Beat up the yolks of the eggs, to which add gradually the sweetened milk; flavour the whole with essence of vanilla. Put the mixture into a jug and place this jug into a saucepan of boiling water. Stir the contents with a wooden spoon, one way, until the mixture thickens, but do not allow it to boil, or it will be full of lumps. Take it off the fire, stir in the isinglass, which should be previously dissolved in about ¼ pint of water and boiled for two or three minutes. Pour the cream into a mould and put it in a cool place to set.

ITALIAN CREAM.

One pint of cream, the rind of a lemon rubbed on sugar, a stick of cinnamon; sweeten to taste. Beat the ingredients together with a whisk till they thicken; have ready about half an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a cup of water; let every part be strained through a muslin bag previous to mixing; let one person beat the cream whilst another pours in the isinglass, gently whisking it until it thickens; pour it carefully into a mould.

EMILIA.

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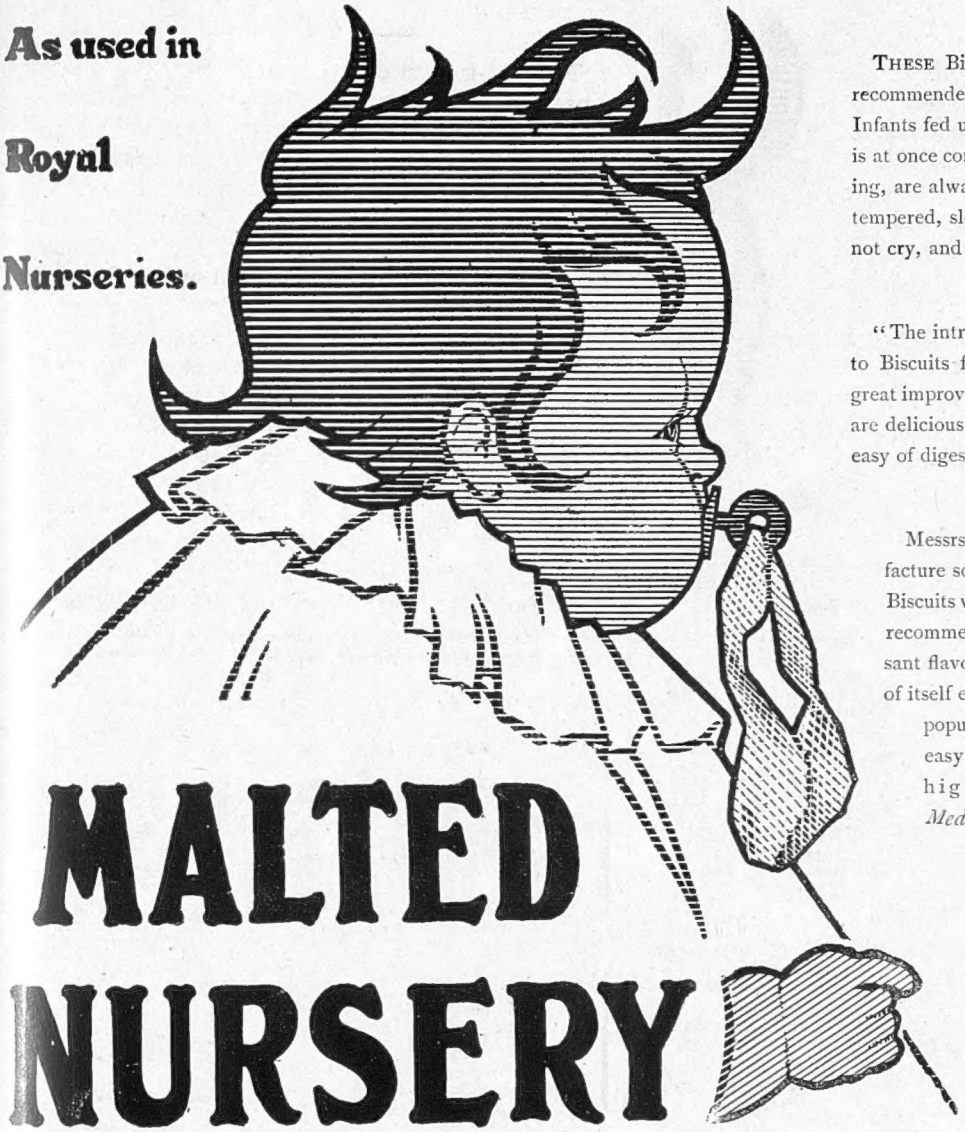

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A Presentation Plate

The officers' mess of the 2nd Battalion Cheshire Regiment have just been presented with a very fine silver centre-piece commemorating events in the history of the corps. At the top there is a group representing King George II. at Dettingen handing an officer an oak branch in token of his appreciation of their valorous services on that memorable field, while at the sides are panels in high relief depicting the "Death of Wolfe" and "The Battle of Meeanee," both taken from engravings in the officers' mess. At the base are four remarkably well-executed figures, portraying past regimental types. Oak and laurel, freely introduced into the scheme, impart a beautiful finish to the whole design. This notable trophy was made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Ltd., silversmiths, of 156, New Bond-street, W., to the order of the colonel and officers of the 2nd Battalion, to whom it was bequeathed by the late Colonel W. F. Curteis, C.B., who commanded on active service in South Africa 1900.

A Silver Centre-piece, Presented to the Officers' Mess of the Cheshire Regiment, 2nd Battalion

The old-fashioned species of gramophone, that brazen thing of horror, is as obsolete in these days as a hurdy-gurdy. The reproduction of the natural tones of the human voice has now been brought to a wonderful pitch of excellence. The "Perfecta," for instance, is fitted with a patent "Orpheus" attachment, which eliminates the usual twang and hard brassy sound which has hitherto been such a drawback in this class of machine.

The makers of the "Perfecta" are Messrs. Pathé Frères, of 14, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, and they have retained the services of Madame Kirkby Lunn and Mr. Ben Davies; they have also records of Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Ada Reeve, Miss Hilda Moody, Mr. R. G. Knowles, the Meister Glee Singers, Harry Lauder, Coquelin, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, and a number of other well-known entertainers. The "Perfecta" can be obtained at a price which brings it within the reach of all music-lovers.

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